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STORMING OF TICONDEROGA

UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JAMES ABERCROMBIE, JULY 8, 1758.

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POSSESSED of the most brilliant and controlling intellect, and wielding the power of a mighty empire, the fame of WILLIAM PITT attended the glory of the British arms in India, and gave new hopes to the desperate and yet doubtful contest for North America. To the colonist here, his was a fit character for emulation : it excited equally the admiration of the ploughman in the field, the student in his closet, and the ranging soldier, in his daring and romantic service. No hamlet was so remote, where the English tongue was heard, that the fame of the illustrious minister did not reach it ; and almost incredible response was given, from our widely-extended and thinly-populated country, to the summons for the great campaign of 1758.

To carry out successfully the vast plans for that campaign became the ambition of the man who filled the entire measure of England's greatness. The colonist saw that the whole power of the crown, and all but the crown itself of the venerable old king, now near four-score, was surrendered without reserve to a man but yesterday an ensign. Encouraged by the example of his advance to power, and by his present matchless position in the great empire which was carrying her conquests gloriously in the East, the answer to this summons from New-England, New-York and New-Jersey caused both the minister and court to exult in the hope of the entire conquest of another hemisphere. William Pitt, afterward Earl of Chatham, was the man of his day ; his recognition and favor of personal merit and personal responsibility made a thousand heroes, gave life to republican principles, and, without design, greatly advanced the establishment of a mighty republic.

VOL. XXXVI.

1

When it became known in England that commissions of high grade, regardless of purchase or family influence, were given to those of humble position, and that more were to be sent to America to be disposed of, according to the true spirit of republicanism, to the most deserving, even the king was remonstrated with. It was on this occasion that Wolfe was represented to him as being a madman. 'If this be so,' replied the old king, 'I hope he will bite all my generals not so afflicted.' Within eighteen months from that time, the 'brave Wolfe,' then but little more than thirty-two, showed with what 'madness' he was possessed, as well as the method of it. He is seen ascending the Heights of Quebec to the Plains of Abraham, and there, while battling for a stronghold, dying with the words of triumphant bravery on his tongue, amid the scenes of carnage and the shouts of victory.

The attention of the British ministry having been diverted from the conquest of the East, three expeditions were decided on for America; and, on the recall of Lord Loudoun, Major-General Sir James Abercrombie found himself in command of more than fifty thousand men: the largest army ever known under one chief within the boundaries of the North American States.

The war had already devastated the military establishments and frontier settlements of the English along the great lakes of the West and of northern New-York. The smothered vengeance of almost four years was in the breast of the colonist; and Massachusetts sent forth its 'every third able-bodied man' (more than seven thousand), and Connecticut, Rhode-Island, New-Hampshire, New-York and New-Jersey furnished their quotas for the grand campaign. The legislatures of the different colonies convened expressly to hear the address of the minister and to vote supplies and men. In it they were informed explicitly of his purposes; that Louisbourg was to be reduced, to prevent farther communication of the French with Canada; that Fort Du Quesne, Crown Point, Frontenac, Ticonderoga, and the command of the great lakes must be gained; and that the war must be carried quite within the acknowledged confines of the French and their savage allies: that by this course the captured women and children of the colonists should be restored to them, trade on the frontier revived, and ample revenge taken upon their combined enemies.

Massachusetts replied in the most patriotic and spirited manner, declaring 'the blood of *old* New-England to be heated for the contest.' An account dated April third, 1758, says: 'So agreeable were the contents of Mr. Secretary Pitt's letter, that the House unanimously voted compliance with what was recommended. And notwithstanding such great numbers have lately entered in the king's service as soldiers, rangers, batteau-men, and ship and house carpenters, yet such was the zeal of our government, that they voted to raise seven thousand men for the present expedition, and, on Wednesday, to raise a subscription, notwithstanding the unhappy circumstances of this metropolis—taxes already on the income of estates being thirteen shillings and sixpence on the pound—yet in twenty-four hours twenty thousand pounds sterling was raised by subscription to pay bounty!'

The object of the crown and the name and fame of Pitt were pro-

claimed in the same breath every where ; by Sir William Johnson among the Six Nations ; by the clergy from their pulpits, who declared that true religion must be maintained at every cost ; and especially by the governors of the different colonies in their speeches to the respective Houses of Assembly. Governor James Delancey made his eloquent and soul-stirring address to the Assembly of New-York on the tenth of March. It was circulated far and wide over the province, and excited the same enthusiasm which was manifested in the other provinces.

So universal was the interest which was felt in this campaign, and in the prospects of conquest and glory to the British arms, that the enrolment of the men under the act of the legislatures in the different colonies was nearly completed by volunteers. Still, in some instances, there was a deficiency, and the following—distinguished as well for its facetious and patriotic tone as for its poetic character—was circulated among the young men, and finally found its way into print. I will not reflect on the early gallantry of any portion of our country by naming the neighborhood where this effusion first appeared ; it is enough that we can boast of the zealous spirit which fired the spinsters of those times :

‘THE SPINSTERS’ PETITION TO HIS MAJESTY GEORGE THE SECOND

‘FOR LEAVE TO FIGHT HIS BATTLES, AS THE MEN IN SOME CASES REFUSE.

‘Most humbly, Sir, we this petition
Present to you, with great submission ;
We, the spinsters of your nation,
Of every rank and every station.

‘Some men won’t fight, and so disgrace us ;
We beg you’ll put us in their places ;
The petticoat and bib and apron
We’ll leave behind for them to put on :

‘And fight the battles they’ve refused,
By which the nation’s so abused,
And show them that a British wench can,
If put at blows, beat any Frenchman.

‘When once we’ve got them in close quarter,
We doubt not then of making slaughter ;
Our country’s credit soon regain,
Our sister men could not maintain !

‘But one small recompense we ask —
Though great the service, great the task —
A law may pass, our prayer beseeches,
That women all may wear the breeches :
That this request you grant us may,
Most ardently we ever pray.’

‘— March 15, 1758.’

This address was numerously signed, and so unpopular was the refusal of young men to enlist voluntarily, that in many instances their names were rejected by ‘The Spinsters’ Society,’ and made the ridicule of the neighborhood by a resolution that ‘*Sister*’ be prefixed instead of ‘Mr.’ to the name of ‘John Doe,’ ‘Richard Roe,’ and so on. There were Spartan daughters as well as mothers in those times. In fact the gallantry of the betrothed John or George was judged suspicious unless he readily entered for the great campaign.

And now in the colonies of New-England, New-York and New-Jersey every thing was in readiness for orders to march for the points designated by the commander-in-chief, General Abercrombie, then in New-York. The commissions for the five brigadier-generals, for North America only, were given to John Stanwix, John Forbes, Edward Whetmore, and Charles Lawrence, and Lord Augustus, third viscount Howe. Among those raised to the rank of colonel was Thomas Gage, already distinguished by his services at Lake George and in northern New-York: the same who subsequently, as Governor of Massachusetts and general-in-chief, fought at Boston and Bunker-Hill against those who were now his companions-in-arms.

Robert Rogers, the daring scout, and prince of rangers, arrived in New-York, by orders, nineteen days after his most remarkable battle at Lake George, on the thirteenth of March, at the place now known to all travellers as 'Rogers's Slide.' Still suffering from his wounds, he was at once appointed major. Aware of the great importance of the American rangers, the major-general issued his commission in the following words; the original document, now in the hands of a kinsman, I have myself seen; it is so explanatory of the peculiar service of the scout that I venture to give it a place here *verbatim*:

'By His Excellency JAMES ABERCROMBIE, Esquire, Colonel of His MAJESTY's Forty-Fourth Regiment of Foot, Colonel-in-Chief of the Sixtieth Royal Americans, Major-General and Commander-in-Chief of all His MAJESTY's forces raised or to be raised in North-America:

'WHEREAS it may be of great use to His MAJESTY's service in America to have a number of men employed in obtaining intelligence of the strength, situation and motions of the enemy, and other services, for which rangers only are qualified: Having therefore the greatest confidence in your loyalty, courage and skill, I do constitute you Major of the rangers in His MAJESTY's service, and Captain of a company of the same. You are therefore to take the said rangers as Major, and said company as Captain, in your care, and duly exercise and instruct as well the officers as the soldiers, who are hereby commanded to obey you as Major and Captain respectively. And you are to observe such orders as from time to time you shall receive from His MAJESTY, myself, or other superior officers, according to the rules and discipline of war.

'Given at New-York this sixth day of April, 1758, in the thirty-first year of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Second, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc., etc.,
'JAMES ABERCROMBIE.

'By His Excellency's command.
'J. APPY.

'To CAPTAIN ROBERT ROGERS.'

Already a considerable time in America, the young nobleman, Lord Howe, had conceived the greatest partiality for Rogers, and he entertained the highest admiration for his daring achievements, his 'surprises,' battles, and extraordinary marches. Subjecting himself to the discipline of the scout, he had been one of Rogers's party in several romantic and hazardous expeditions along the mountains and lakes of the north, nearly twelve months before. He was as well prepared to admire the unequalled beauty of the scenery of the country as to be a leading spirit in the war for its defence. By direction of Abercrombie, Rogers immediately reported himself to Lord Howe, now second in command, who was quartered at Albany. Here they conferred on the best means of distressing the French and acquiring information in regard to their situation. Meanwhile, preparation was going on for the main attack.

Rogers, always active, joined his favorite warriors, now fast increasing in numbers, at Fort Edward, at that time in command of the brave

Colonel Grant; and from the twenty-ninth of April to nearly the very day when the grand embarkation was made on Lake George, was, with Stark, Putnam, and the far-famed Indian chief Nawnawapatconks, of the Mohegan tribe, constantly engaged in surprising the outposts of the French and in making prisoners almost under the very walls of the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. So considerable was his force, that by despatching different companies under their various captains, the scouts of the French and their Indians were actually driven within their strongholds. Rogers and his men continued to range and 'scour the woods' from Fort Edward, on the north of Wood Creek, to Lake Champlain, and along the waters and borders of South Bay, and the mountain passes on both sides of Lake George, and the many beautiful islands which dot its pure waters.

Lord Howe was still at Albany, most actively engaged in disciplining his troops and receiving the reinforcements arriving there. From every appearance the commander-in-chief was possessed of all the elements of a great general; yet Lord Howe was considered, up to the moment when he fell, the soul and spirit of the expedition. And here it is proper to say a few words about one of the most remarkable characters of that time. He was the grandson of George the First, and had been educated with the care and attention which became his birth, and which happily harmonized with his extraordinary powers of application and his ambition. He left England with the reputation of being the most accomplished young man of the court of his uncle, the reigning sovereign. With all those romantic ideas of conquest and consequent glory which still pervaded the civilized world, and which were shared to a great extent by Pitt and all the court, young Howe came to America, where he entered heart and soul into the most active and hazardous duties of the campaign. In person he was frank and insinuating, and he made himself universally beloved by the manifestation of the most amiable qualities known to the human heart. He appeared always to enjoy himself, particularly in the primitive social circles of our new country. He frequently remarked that this was no affectation for the sake of pleasing, but that he really loved the frank and genial intercourse to which he was here admitted. Again, accommodating himself to the conventional rules of metropolitan society, with manners the most courtly and not less agreeable, there he was the admired of all; while he himself delighted in the characteristics which prevailed in New-England and in New-York. In some way, when scarcely two years in the country, he was more extensively known personally than any other officer of rank; and one town in Massachusetts was named after the place of his birth in England, and retains its name to this day.

The very personification of boldness, enterprise and daring, the service of the scout had its charms for him; and although rigidly disciplined to other rules of warfare, and accustomed to the glitter of military trappings, he made it his business to learn the art of 'bush-fighting,' and of surprising the enemy in the forest, in the mountain fastness, or in the chase with the swift canoe. Nursing the romantic spirit of his youth, and with an artistic eye and great admiration for the grand and

beautiful in nature, he luxuriated in the striking and peculiar scenery of the new country, while he was acquiring a constitution adequate to the greatest fatigues of the military athlete. The tributaries high up the Hudson, the adjacent wild and variously-shaped mountains, the silver waters of Lake George, and those heights which define its limits; Lake Champlain, with the great green hills on the east, snow-crowned, and glistening in the bright sun of every month; all these led him onward, gliding in the slight canoe, or in pedestrian adventure: his spirit, free as air, contemplating more mighty conquests and loftier fame. 'We breathe more freely,' said he, 'on the mountain-top.' His imagination, aided by the full glow of health and physical energy, ranged a thousand times beyond the summits on which his eye rested, amid scenes beyond the two lakes, then the theatre of manœuvring scouts, and soon to be of contending armies.

Rogers, Stark, Stevens and Putnam were all bold leaders. They were the native pioneers of the new world, and so our young lord was their fit companion in errantry. Fearing nothing, and skilled already in the practical use of every weapon known in such warfare, he was prepared for any surprise from the wily foe which did not thrice outnumber him. Philosophical—gay with every opportunity consistent with immediate safety—Howe was the especial favorite of Stark, who was of about the same age, and his nearest match for physical power. At this time perhaps John Stark was as widely-famed as a runner, and in the athletic game of wrestling at arm's-length, and the 'bear-hug,' through all New-England, or even among the Indians (to whom his quality became known during his captivity), as any man living. In fact, this fame was only eclipsed by his more recent daring and fights with the enemy's scouts, or the captures he had made of their sentinels within sound of their forts.

'The balance of power,' as between Lord Howe and Stark, was a matter of doubt, and was not unfrequently a point of merry discussion with the scouts who were not *personally* interested; but no public exhibition was ever made of their relative strength and skill, though it was understood that they *did* practice, for the especial benefit, and almost broken bones, of others. Indeed, there was no exercise, from the most simple, in all the varieties of gymnastics, to the earnest use of the tomahawk and scalping-knife (let history pass lightly over it), in which our rangers were not well skilled; and, though ever dignified, they not unfrequently indulged sportively in boyish New-England pranks: Stark, or even 'Old Put.,' who was much their senior, being the master of ceremonies. One illustrative instance, and I return with the reader to view Lord Howe in immediate command of his regiment at Albany.

A favorite resting-place was on the brow of a beautiful hill, which, being entirely cleared for one mile from the water's edge, commanded a fascinating view of Lake George and its fairy-like islands for twelve miles. It was situated almost directly at the head of the lake, and arose in the rear, amphitheatre-like, quite above the sites of Fort George and Fort William Henry, and commanded the most important passage where any military works were practicable. The spot is that

known now to the tourist as 'Fort Gage,' or 'Gage's Hill.' On the summit, in the rear of our scouts, was a breast-work of considerable extent, which remains to this day, but its earlier history is not known. Alternate sentries, as was the custom, were placed on either side of the breast-work to prevent surprise; and quite within the outposts, ranging and creeping about stealthily, was the famous and faithful wolf-dog of William Stark, named Baubier. And, secure from the rear, having a considerable prospect on each side and an immense distance in front, our heroes, Stark and Lord Howe, prostrate and in close proximity, on the big bear-skin of the latter, treated each other in turn with the humorous stories and reminiscences of boyhood: Stark, of hunting, trapping, fishing, wrestling and huskings, which latter the girls also attended. 'But,' said he, 'perhaps the greatest sport is jumping the stick.' At the mention of this, some half dozen of their followers, whose positions were defined after the same fashion, rose a little, and resting on their elbows, suggested that the game be now performed; saying, they had never seen any ground so admirably fitted for it.

No further ceremony was necessary, for his lordship could not but be alive to a play at the mention of which the eyes of every New-England scout—and there were at least twelve of them—seemed to glisten with satisfaction and delight. Two saplings—trimmed, and about the size of large hoop-poles—ten feet long, were now placed in the ground upright, some eight feet apart. These had been properly notched at every half-foot, from the top to within four feet from the ground, so as to enable the cross-pole to rest securely, and at such distance up the notches as the performers could leap and clear; the game not depending on the greatest physical power, but rather upon skill, ready use of the extremities, and agility. All except those on sentry duty entered the course; the men who had never seen it, as well as those who had practised it in boyhood.

It was a bright day in the early spring, and the scouts might be considered as 'basking in the sunshine of pleasure' and rest. The mention of this old pastime awoke all the joyous emulation they had felt in youth, and every latent energy was quickly in activity. The galloping and frisking cattle, when first let loose from their winter stables, never felt more sensibly the electricity of the fresh green fields.

The cross-pole was placed on the lowest notch, and the company, the last of which was our young lord, passed it rapidly. The pole was raised two notches. Some demurred to this, but as the objection came from the most active of the troupe, it was known to be mere affectation, as the result proved; for these passed it with more ease, if possible, than any of the rest. On the third trial, the cross-pole being raised another notch, all cleared it except 'Put,' who for some reason had not yet grown very warm in the play. He started with considerable velocity, but coming within a few feet of the pole, he made a full stop, then advanced a step or two, and measuring its height by his not very erect person, found it just up to his chin. Turning now, and facing the spectators, it is sufficient to say that he looked 'sheepish.' The roar of laughter which succeeded taxed the nerves of every scout.

'That's right, boys,' cried Putnam; 'laugh away. But let the pole be; I'll try it again.'

He did, and at the instant of passing it drew his feet so closely to his body as to give him the shape of a beer-barrel, or a bull-frog before jumping.

'How was that done?' said one; 'he did n't jump half as high as myself, and went over clear; yet *I* felt my toes touch!'

It was true. Putnam had a kind of rolling jump, like a porpoise, and it answered every purpose.

The pole was raised still higher and higher, and the excitement and huzzas proportionately increased, as one after another blushing retired, pronounced '*distanced*,' as was the rule after trying twice, unsuccessfully, to leap it. Scarcely anything could be more ludicrous than the appearance of the discomfitted sportsmen, as they picked themselves up from their prostrations, with 'noses incarnadined' and other signs of ill fortune. So noisy were the huzzas and roars of laughter at the variety of ridiculous failures—and by this time they had become many, for the pole was now as high as the head of the tallest of the company—that the out-post scouts considered themselves called in. And Baubier, always before intent on scenting the track of an unfriendly Indian, set up the most hideously unmeaning howling and barking, joining in sympathy with the strong-lunged scouts in the unearthly concert. Delighted and almost crazed with the performance, he was seen in every direction; now mounting the breast-work in the rear, now running, with every imaginable absurdity of antics, and now barking with such appearance of hearty enjoyment, that the scouts gave him a cheer.

As luck would have it, the competitors for the best of the game were now reduced to five, and in the next trial to three. And now we have the hero-gymnists of the three clans: John Stark, of the New-England hunters; Duncan Campbell, of the Highlanders, a true Rob Roy; and Lord Howe, of honest English training. Not a moment intervened. The cross-pole was raised to near six feet. Lord Howe was lazily, as the scouts afterward said, 'limbering his limbs' on his bear-skin; when up, and with the bound of a deer, followed by the Highlander, he passed the pole. Stark missed his reckoning, and getting at his highest elevation, some three feet before reaching it, of course stumbled against it about breast high. The spasmodic bellowing was a renewed signal for Baubier. He was no longer to be restrained, and following the footsteps of his associates, who had shown themselves *on all fours* nearly as often as he himself, during the entire scene, he passed the pole, wagging his tail, as the company said, in knowing triumph, to Master John. Now the pole was raised six inches higher, and the performance, with the new and unmatched volunteer, assuming so ludicrous and side-shaking an air, the well-strung nerves of Stark and the Highlander gave way, and even the clearance of the Lord Howe was equivocal: as a scout said to Putnam, 'his toe touched.' He was quickly followed by Baubier; but declining further competition with a performer not named in the bill, he was declared by acclamation, throwing up of caps, and indescribable roars, (which the scouts only knew how to give,) together with the new fangled antics and barkings of his canineship, the hero in the game of *jumping the pole*.

'You, Lord Howe,' they cried; 'you are the boy for it! Britain rules the roost!'

'I believe,' he very quietly replied, glancing toward Stark, 'that the New-Englanders are beaten in a game of their own.'

'True, my Lord,' answered Stark, 'but then the English scout *has been beaten by Baubier*, who, say what you will, is a *New-England* scout, agile, daring and faithful — a match for the world.'

Generosity and a merry nature, so eminent in Lord Howe, excited like feelings in all about him; and it is believed the triumph, borne so modestly, was as gratifying to every one in the party. In fact, none grudged the new honors which Baubier had acquired. But honors were not novel to him; he had yet to see matched his great fame, acquired at the awful battle of *Rogers's-Slide*, an account of which appears elsewhere.

Lord Howe was in fact possessed of all the noble elements which distinguished the colonist of that day, of whatever profession, civil or military, and with none of the jealousies peculiar to New-England or any section of the country. He rather adopted all the manners and customs of every condition, and was the most practical among those with whom his fame and fortune were identified. By some it was considered a matter of condescension, and by others of constitutional kindness and unerring judgment.

Now, with the great encampment just below Albany, immediately preceding the march of the main part of the army, the young nobleman was infusing all the ardor of his own military spirit, his generalship, and the practical acquirements of the ranger, through the immense army. Allaying all jealousies between the regular and colonial troops, he rather made his own regiment, the fifty-fifth, conformable with the American. While other officers were quartered in town with the civil Albanians of that day, who felt that they were entertaining those only who were to defend their firesides, he was in camp, the companion of all in discipline and service. Evenings mostly in his camp, his card referred to it as his home. Ever receiving the civil invitations of the people of the town, he frequently entertained them in turn with the simple fare of the soldier. Always courteous and amiable, it is scarcely enough to say that he was the idol of the social circles of our ancient metropolis.

He threw the wet mantle of ridicule over that austerity frequently assumed by the officers of the regulars, and so peculiar to many of moderate birth, and still more moderate intellect, unfledged as they frequently were, and full of presumption, when they had scarcely merged from their academical awkwardness. 'Ignorance with arrogance,' said his lordship, 'will easily create discord where knowledge and respect for the varied manners and opinions of others will harmonize our great army, and make it invincible. Any *gentleman* officer will find his fellow and his equal too in every regiment or company of the Americans: even with the Indians. I know them well. Beware how you underestimate their abilities and feelings, civil, social, or military.'

Great numbers of the European officers arrived, and were attached to the then several regiments, but were mostly, as before mentioned,

quartered in town. Cordial in his civilities, as they expected from his hospitable reputation, he gave them early requests to dine. Liberal in his invitations to the Americans also, his party was large. Perhaps the latter were as much disappointed in the rural arrangement as the Europeans themselves. Arriving with military promptness, they found his 'festive board' to consist of an immense hemlock table, on which the officers cast an inquiring glance, without, of course, a remark.

'You are,' said he, 'admiring this; and well you may: it is fine, and such as only an American forest can furnish. I saw the tree from which it was sawn, standing in the wood, and struck the first blow for its fall. The honest woodsman — and he was a sawyer too — promised me one of its largest boards; I only obtained it yesterday, and am pleased with the opportunity of honoring you in its christening.'

Bear-skins, spread upon the ground all along the side of it, were the only seats, and in a moment were considered easy; while the position of his lordship was at the head, and for greater convenience of seeing, upon a log, yet when seated, quite barricaded from a view of his guests by an enormous pot of pork and beans. It was a favorite dish with him: he had seen it served up in perfection in New-England, and being in the raw material convenient of transportation, he had made it a standing article, and the Sunday dinner in camp also. Now taking from his pocket a sheath, he produced his knife and fork, in good order, and commenced dividing the pork, so that each in helping himself might better estimate, and so graduate for the demand of his appetite, hoping at the same time that every soldier was, as necessity required, provided with a knife like his own, which he had found better than any he had used while in the army. In the absence of even a jack-knife, their awkwardness in the prospect of using their fingers can be imagined; but his lordship relieved their embarrassment at the instant by presenting a duplicate of his own to each. The Americans apologized for their thoughtlessness, but others were not expected to be familiar with the peculiar etiquette at colonial camp-dinners, especially where the party was large, and given by a nobleman scrupulously fastidious about convenient style. There can be no doubt that convenience was a leading feature, and eminently consulted in the arrangement, of the entertainment.

Lord Howe's discipline was now applied to every part of the army, although it was perhaps more rigidly observed in his own regiment. All were equally cheered by his civility and self-sacrificing nature: and the details in which he engaged for the general health and comfort surprised all, and endeared him beyond any comparison. In the time of George the Second, all know that long, profuse, and well-dressed hair was the pride of courtiers, and considered the greatest of ornaments. His, which was very abundant, he sacrificed agreeably to his own general orders, having it cut short as it could be with shears. Every officer and soldier was heralding his excellences. One of the New-Hampshire school-masters, then a high private, wrote a letter, which was 'deemed worthy of print,' dated From Camp, May 31, 1758, and sent to Portsmouth. It appeared in the '*Boston News-Letter*' of June 22, 1758, and says:

'I NEED not inform you, I suppose, how justly is celebrated Lord Howe for his soldier-like constitution, his bold enterprising spirit, and every other military accomplishment; with how much care he has been forming his regular troops to the method of bush-fighting all this season; so that 't is said he has made them dexterous at it almost as the rangers. In order to this he has ordered all the coats of his regiment to be cut short, to make them as light as possible; and has sacrificed a fine head of hair of his own as an example to the soldiers, which they have followed, so that not a man is to be seen with his own hair.

'The strength of his constitution enables him to undergo all hardships; and 't is his opinion that every officer ought to be able to do the same, and live and fare like the common men. To this end he has forbidden all his officers supernumerary baggage when they march on the enemy's country, as being only a useless incumbrance to the army; and has allowed them only so much clothing as may be sufficient, and no provisions but such as come from the commissaries; and I hear he has put two or three officers under arrest for refusing to obey these commands; and 't is very likely they will be broke for setting bad examples to the army. His soldiers love and fear him, and are willing to comply with all his commands, because he first sets them an example. What great things might not an army like this effect with a few officers like Lord Howe.'

General Abercrombie arrived at Albany, and the accumulated army, numbering more than thirteen thousand men, all in high spirits, presented a show of military grandeur which had never been equalled on the shores of the Hudson. Batteaux and other craft, stores and ammunition, were going on to the forwarding place, Fort Edward, in the charge of boatmen and teamsters, hired from all parts of the country. Lord Howe moved forward with one-half of the army, arriving at Fort Edward on the eighth of June; the second division, under the commander-in-chief, following immediately, and obliged by various narrow passes to defile, the whole army extended, as described by a writer of the day, more than seventeen miles.

Here the rangers were in camp, having returned from their various excursions, and their number, increased to six hundred strong, were considered an important part of the army. Even before the second division arrived, detached parties of the rangers were sent again in various directions. One, under Rogers in person, was ordered to Lake George, with fifty men, to take a portion of the boats along in wagons, and thence proceed to Ticonderoga, obtain a plan of the landing, the ground to the fort, the force there, as nearly as possible, and its condition. 'This region,' said his lordship to Rogers, 'may be called your parish; it has had your labors for years. You are expected to execute your mission as soon as possible, and rejoin us.' He marched at the instant, and arriving at the lake, launched his little fleet of five boats the same night, running them into the small bay at Sea Island, known now to all travellers as 'Gaylord's Bay,' for reasons which appear elsewhere. Beautifully hid from view, this bay was for the scouts a favorite mooring-place. Grouping about it historical reminiscences of romantic interest, the visitor is at a loss whether to fix his mind upon the thrilling incidents of its history, or the extraordinary beauty which nature has lavished upon it. Its commerce now consists of a sailing craft, matchless in speed and neatness, the 'L. GAYLORD CLARK,' and certain swift row boats, well known to tourists, under the command of Admiral (John) Nelson and the famous Skipper Linus White; but it is doubted whether adventures are less numerous or striking in any gay summer season of the present age than in the period of our history.

Rogers, in the gray of the morning, was off, and landing at a point near the north end of the lake, proceeded to reconnoitre in the vicinity of the fort. At length he took his position in the topmost branches of

a tree, with two watching at convenient distances, and had nearly completed the required plan of the fort, when suddenly his whole party was discovered, and surrounded on all sides except the rear. They maintained their position with great spirit, until nearly closed in on that quarter, when they broke through with a loss of eight of their own party and three of the enemy killed. Now entirely disbanded, and running in all directions through the forest, and over five miles from their boats, in less than two hours they rallied at that rendezvous, their leader at their head: so well skilled were our scouts in the geography of these northern wilds.

Returning without a moment's delay to report discoveries, his estimation of the force of the French, (which he supposed to be three thousand and more,) and to give his plan of the fort, Rogers met Lord Howe at Halfway Brook, encamped with three thousand men, having marched from Fort Edward so far toward Lake George. Not waiting here, he proceeded and reported to General Abercrombie at Fort Edward, who now ordered him at the head of all the rangers, six hundred, to join Lord Howe, which he did, and on the 22d of June they arrived at the lake; Rogers with his rangers encamping on the sloping plain near old King Hendrick's Spring, which issues from the brow of the mountain on the west side of the Lake House, and Lord Howe, for reasons best known to himself, on the levelled ruins and ashes of Fort William Henry.

Determined from this moment that no preparation on the part of the French for the great battle in contemplation should be unknown, Lord Howe kept continually active small parties of the rangers, joining them frequently himself, for a day, with some of the regulars. They were continued by his orders for eight days, and on two of these some four or six men were captured and carried to the French fortress. The contests often depended on the relative number, or first surprise, for a French scout was in many cases a match for the Anglo-American; and personal rencontre, man to man, with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, in fearful struggle, decided the contest. Let all the little isles of the lake, the border valleys, the mountain peaks, and the pure waters, repeat their history, and the romance and chivalry of any age appear for their comparison.

The morning of Wednesday, June 28, 1758, brought the advance, and on that day the remaining grand division of the army, under the commander-in-chief, Major-General Sir James Abercrombie, in person, arrived on the ground at the head of the lake. And now the positions of this varied and vast army, defined in order on the rising plains and hills, ascending from the water's edge, and half encircling it, presented a scene of magnificence and grandeur rarely equalled in the New World.

For far earlier encampments all the grounds intervening from the water, over the site of Fort George, to the embankment and lines, which may yet be seen on Gage Mountain, were cleared, and also from the ruins of William Henry, in the rear, to beyond the thousand graves of the French, then curving and following outside the lines of Montcalm, (thrown up by him during his siege of the fort,) and across the old

Hendrick Spring, (enclosing the present mansion grounds of the Honorable Forest Sherrill,) and beyond to the small rivulet on the north. Such was the site which Nature and the woodman afforded for the encampment. Rural and quiet now, the peaceful sheep and their young, undisturbed, may be seen roaming and feeding over its extensive surface. It presents still the same primitive beauty and the same appearance, excepting that a few houses here and there dot it, and tall pines, which for near a hundred years have grown from the graves of the heroes of the memorable siege of William Henry.

The most brilliant characteristic of the army was not the military equipage or the vastness and splendor of the encampment; but these will have their place, and when considered for a moment, lead captive the imagination. It was the marked individuality by which it was distinguished. There were the courtiers of a great kingdom, with the red chiefs of the North-American wilds; the proud and giant grenadiers, from the romantic and terrible warfare in the East, with the singularly varied ploughmen and peasantry of the provinces; the highly-disciplined corps of a nobleman in perfect harmony with the humblest trappers; and the unsubdued clan, just from the mountain fastnesses of Scotland, claiming brotherhood with the athletic ranger from the hills and valleys of New-England.

The vice-royals of the different colonies came not to be idlers or mere witnesses of the determined loyalty which was now eager for the contest. Subordinate commands were given to their sons; and here the only son of our own greatest philosopher won his early fame, and for all time was commended to the British crown to receive its high favor. William Franklin was then in the warm blood of his manhood, not having completed his twenty-seventh year.

The distinguishing characters of the British regulars; their different corps, and their widely-extended fame; together with the American regulars from all the colonies, and the inimitable rangers, mostly from the granite hills of New-Hampshire: all these, though particular mention of each has necessarily been short, it is hoped are understood. None can doubt that to all appearance we possessed the elements of success. But of the Highlanders—since the tale of their chivalry at the storming is yet the wonder of even military men—a word is due.

Twenty-two years from the death of Rob Roy, many yet lived who promised faithfully to wear his mantle, and fight as fearlessly as he had fought. Those men were here; and many of them had been famed in the clans and in the 'Black Watch' long before their present regiment was formed. In their mountain passes, from the higher cliffs they had battled against the most fearful odds. No Scott with the pen of romance had then blazoned the fame of Robert Macgregor; but his actions, simply narrated, were the familiar subjects of the camp. 'I saw the dead lion in his coffin; finally in the arms of his conqueror!' said an old Highlander, who was at his funeral. 'And the only conqueror,' said another, 'that a Rob Roy will ever know: he may be defeated, but conquered never!'

This old plaided soldier in the tent used to entertain the curious New-Englanders with the story of the circumstance which made Mac-

gregor an outlaw, before the rebellion of 1715; and a Highlander, pilgrim-like (the worthy Mr. Cameron, with his neat little tavern), now occupies the presumed site of that tent in this classical scene. Stevens, Stark, Williams, Putnam, and many others, long after, at their firesides, related these stories.

Macgregor was a drover, and held partnership with Lord Montrose. Misfortune finally befell them, and his lordship, though always ready to accept the gain, refused to share when reverse came, and demanded his investment, with interest. To this Macgregor demurred, and no settlement was ever had. 'For,' says he, 'if these be your principles, I shall not make it my principle to pay you the interest, nor my interest to pay you the principal!' In the rebellion of 1715 Rob Roy was away from his home; and a suit, of course without defence, gave Montrose possession. Macgregor was desperate, and said: 'His Grace shall never have the enjoyment of my lands!' He declared open war against him, gave up his regular business of a drover, and having a band of twenty followers, declared that the estate of Montrose forever after should supply him with cattle, and that he would make the duke rue the day he had quarrelled with him. For more than twenty years, until his death, he levied regular contributions, in broad day as well as at night, and in the most systematic manner. In his war against Montrose he was encouraged and even sheltered by the Duke of Argyle. Montrose reproached Argyle, who answered, that if he *sheltered* the outlaw, Montrose supported and fed him. The listeners by the margin of Lake George greeted the narration with a 'Huzza for the Duke of Argyle!'

The anniversary prospective—the fourth of July, just eighteen years anterior to the immortal declaration—was a gala day of singular magnificence at 'The Holy Lake.' It may challenge comparison in coming ages. The sun of that morning revealed the entire strength of the army—fifteen thousand three hundred and ninety-one strong—and the green mountains in whose deep lap rested mirroring waters, echoed the noise of their cannon, rolling on to the listening ears of the French. More beautiful the harmonious echo of their thousand bugles, the Highland pipes, and the varied instruments of each corps. Here was a regalia, and a regatta-party of nations, costumed with all the varied colors of military pomp, of royal courts, of clans, provinces, and the forest. And the lake, calm and still, faithfully reflected the beauty and grandeur of the scene. The encampment rose, amphitheatre-like, from the water's edge, and every eye saw it. And night, on the fourth, closed with the whole army in complete order, and in high spirits for the grand embarkation.

Day-light on the morning of the fifth had not fully appeared, and at the order, all the tents were struck, three vast columns formed, and the embarkation was made. Three points greatly facilitated its extraordinary rapidity. One called the 'French Dock,' which was in front of the ruins of William Henry; the second, 'Fort George Dock,' and the third, 'King Hendrick.' The latter was temporary, made of wood, and is supposed to be on the identical site of the present steam-boat landing. The two former, in interesting ruins may yet be seen, though

by the changes of time, covered by quite three feet of water. A standard in his geography, Mr. Horace Welch, has made hundreds his debtor by navigating over and pointing out the ruins.

The centre division was formed of the grenadiers, Highlanders, and the rest of the regulars, with the first and fourth battalions of the Royal Americans and Rangers, commanded by Lord Howe. The right and left wings were formed of the Provincials; the advance guard, in great strength, was commanded by Colonel Gage on the right, and Major Rogers on the left. The entire fleet consisted of nine hundred batteaux, one hundred and thirty-five whale-boats, numerous rafts carrying the artillery, and the two immense floating castles, highly decorated, each with two mounted cannon. This preceded directly the central column, and from them the English flag waved the highest. The parallel columns, now moving, extended from shore to shore and covered the lake for seven miles and-a-half. The advance guard, the rafts and castles extended one mile farther on. In the narrower places, passing Diamond and other islands, they defiled, forming subdivisions.

Twenty-five miles brought the army to Sabbath-Day Point at five in the afternoon. Here the army halted till ten o'clock, lighting immense fires at nine, which illuminated the picturesque scenery with their vast numbers, and favored the belief, with the French, a large advance of which were known to be in the neighborhood, that the army was to rest here till morning. It however moved onward, Lord Howe in front, accompanied by Colonel Bradstreet, Major Rogers, and Lieutenant Holmes; and the latter was despatched from this advance to observe the landing place, and the force of the enemy there. He returned and reported a party in possession, which he discovered by their fires, and which immediately deserted on the approach of the main army.

And now of the French: to them the vast preparations, under Abercrombie, for the capture of Ticonderoga were known early in the summer; and the night fires and the morning light revealed their fearful strength to their advance, and even to the eagle eye of Montcalm, who with a scout had left his camp for the purpose of observation. The Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vandreuil, displayed his energy in bringing to the defence his bravest men. Montcalm had arrived at the Fort on the twentieth of June, and pushing on with six regiments, he encamped at the 'Lower Falls,' now the village of Ticonderoga, half-way between the Fort and the landing. On the first of July, he sent a large detachment from his own encampment here, and on the second others followed; and pushing on over the mountains, descried the vastness of the display at Sabbath-Day Point.

Two miles himself from the landing, Montcalm was advised of every position and movement of Abercrombie, and also of the fatigue his advanced regiments had suffered in their hurried march back to the vicinity of the landing and his own camp. They knew the importance of this intelligence to Montcalm and their own safety. Three hundred men were ordered as if to oppose the landing, but in reality to watch the proceedings; for on the debarkation of the English they fled, setting fire to their tents, and destroying all in their power, such as ovens,

provisions and liquors. 'But,' says one English account, 'a great number of sheep, poultry, a prisoner and one dead man, we found in their logged camp.' Hurrying on one mile, they apprised M. de Bourlemaque, and joining him, with his detachment of five hundred Frenchmen and Indians, they retreated to unite with Montcalm at his main camp. There can be no doubt of the consternation of the French in their present situation, pressed on in this most hurried manner by the immense advance of the English. Although well skilled in the geography of the forest, they were bewildered.

Our army on landing at nine o'clock, had formed and marched toward the enemy in four columns, preceded with all his rangers, by Major Rogers, who was ordered to take position on the mountain which bears north, on the left, one mile. Here the view of Rogers was complete; but the columns were advancing, and at the moment, none of his information was available. He saw Montcalm distinctly, with his main force posted on the south, within much less distance than cannon shot, and estimated his numbers at fifteen hundred. And the right column of the centre division, commanded by Lord Howe, having advanced to near the little rivulet (called now 'Trout Brook,' which enters the outlet of the lake near the 'lower falls,') fell in with the French, at this time half confused, as before mentioned. In his column were Colonels Lyman, Fitch and Delancey, with their provincial regiments, who had formed his front and received their first fire. Rogers at this moment so received from the French, was informing his superiors of the position of the enemy under Montcalm, and for the instant believed the French in great numbers, in ambush. Captain Burbank with one hundred and fifty men, was ordered to remain at Rogers's first position to watch the motion of Montcalm, while Rogers himself, with the remainder of his force, fell upon the enemy's left — the river covering the right.

Rallying from their bewilderment, and desperate in their position, believing themselves hemmed in on all sides, the fire of the French and their Indians was severe, and the action became general. From the uneven nature of the ground, and the densely thick and tangled underbrush, there was little form or order now in the battle; and scarcely a company of fifty could remain in line or form in any position, formidable or imposing. The sun was bright, and shining through the thick-branched trees, and revealing distinctly the determined face of each. The struggle was hand to hand, between the Frenchman and the Saxon. Now rushing farther forward to the strongest position of the French, Lord Howe, apparently baring his breast to scores, saw the very musket aiming and within twenty feet of him, which a moment more he would have stricken down; but which alas! discharged too soon the fated messenger by which he was instantly killed. Governor Delancey of New-York was within fifteen feet of him when the ball pierced directly the young nobleman's breast, and leaping forward, with others whose eyes had been intent on the fearless hero, the pride of the army and the hope of his country fell into the arms of those who loved him. 'He is dead,' said Delancey; 'onward every one, and avenge his death!'

Enraged at the loss of their favorite, the provincials, rangers, and some of the English regulars fought with renewed earnestness and energy. The French, disdaining to yield, would make no formal surrender; but being overpowered and pressed in every direction by the vastly outnumbering English, were slain or captured singly, in their ambuscades, or behind trees, in parties of two or three. Two hundred were killed, one hundred and forty-eight taken prisoners, and the remainder, supposed to be about seventy-five, escaped in the depths of the forest. The loss of the English, killed and severely wounded, was twenty-two, including Lord Howe. So closed the events and catastrophe of the day; the army that night resting on the battle-ground.

The single loss of Lord Howe neutralized those triumphant reflections usual after a victory. The leading spirit of the expedition, his fall was considered ominous that the whole was ill-starred; and the darkness of night but harmonized with the forebodings of nearly all the army. 'He was,' said Abercrombie, 'very deservedly and universally beloved and respected throughout the whole army. It is easy to conceive the grief and consternation his untimely fall occasioned. I cannot help owning that I felt it most heavily, and lament him as sincerely.'

No death at that time, nor in the campaign of that year, could have created more universal regret. From every section of the empire, in court, in camp, and even in the domestic circles of the provincials, were echoed the same feelings of mourning which pervaded the army that had been under his immediate command. He was the favorite of Pitt, and greatly beloved by him. George Grenville, August twenty-third, 1758, in his letter of condolence to the minister, says: 'I was not personally acquainted with Lord Howe, but I admired his virtuous, gallant character, and regret his loss accordingly. You have a melancholy task indeed, affected as you justly are with this public and private sorrow, to communicate the death of Lord Howe to a mother and brother that most tenderly loved him.' Early after the news of his death reached England, the mother, Spartan-like, wrote to her son then at Louisbourg, urging him to be brave in the service of his country. 'Perish you,' said she, 'with your sword, or upon it! Sustain and perpetuate the name and the fame of him you so fondly loved.' She also published the following address to his countrymen in the public papers of the day:

'To the Gentlemen, Clergy, Freeholders and Burgesses of the Town and County of Nottingham:

'As Lord Howe is now absent upon the public service, and Lieutenant-Colonel Howe is with his regiment at Louisbourg, it rests upon me to beg the favor of your votes and interest that Lieutenant-Colonel Howe may supply the place of his late brother as your representative in Parliament. Permit me, therefore, to implore the protection of every one of you, as the mother of him whose life has been lost in the service of his country.'

'CHARLOTTE HOWE.'

'Albemarle-street, September 14, 1758.'

The Assembly of Massachusetts voted and made a liberal appropriation, of which the people heartily approved, for the erection of a monument to be placed in Westminster Abbey; and there, among the heroes of Britain, is placed a remembrance of his virtues and of his fame by the munificence of that old colony. 'This,' said the king, 'is doubly gratifying; it showed him loved where his services were best known.'

It is the boon of a grateful and brave people. The North-American colonists knew him well.'

To New-York fell the trust of receiving and safely guarding his remains; and, if for no other reason, the ancient city of Albany may be considered interesting in historical reminiscence, for within its borders were enacted very many of the interesting events of his life, and with its soil mingled the ashes of one of the bravest and most companionable heroes of the times, and the favorite grandson of a good old king. For nearly a century legends of his life, and incidents attending his death have been faithfully treasured by the Schuylers and the Cochrans; and to the most eloquent descendant of that generation who were the companions of the young nobleman, our townsman, John Cochran, may we not look for some scattered leaves in the history of a nobleman who marked the age with republican simplicity and valor?

Till within the last third of a century an old ranger lived who was in that battle, and who often made pilgrimages to the very spot where Lord Howe fell; and he has pointed it out to many who yet live to identify it. No monument marks it; and it is to be regretted that the road now most commonly travelled diverges from the main battleground. Nearly one mile north from the Lower Falls, on the outlet of Lake George, close by the little rivulet called Trout Brook, upon its western margin, legend points out the scene. The noise of battle and din of war are no longer heard, but the little rivulet murmurs in all its primitive charm, the wild deer bounds over the sacred mound where he fell, and the forest trees shade it; and there, among the oaken leaves, the pure air, fresh from the everlasting mountains which sacredly guard it, 'sings the warrior's requiem.'

Early on the morning of the seventh a strange order was passed for the army to march back to the landing; the general-in-chief alleging this to be the safest place for the prisoners, and to recruit the men, considerably fatigued, from their battle and from passing one entire night on the water, succeeded by their difficult march, and wakefulness under arms during the night. Here the army arrived at eight o'clock, and the prisoners were placed on the little island always since known as 'Prisoners' Island.' The subsequent escape of the prisoners was afterward a subject of great merriment to the French, and of equal chagrin and mortification to the English. The island is connected with the main land by a ledge rising to within some eighteen inches of the surface of the water, which, strange to say, was not perhaps known to the English commander. The prisoners themselves of course were silent regarding the facilities of the place for their temporary exile, and night had scarcely closed when nearly every one of them 'walked off,' or as Montcalm afterward drily said, 'took French leave.' Many thanks to the antiquarian, the courteous commander of the steamer 'Caldwell,' for pointing the traveller's attention to this little isle; the monument of that most ludicrous 'military operation.' It is within a few hundred yards of the present steam-boat landing, just south of the point ever memorable as 'Howes' Landing.'

By this time Abercrombie supposed himself well informed with regard to the country intervening between his army, now again at the

landing, and the strong-hold of the French, as he had marched over the ground twice to within one mile and a half of their lines, and reconnoitered the whole distance, which is four miles. Knowing that the most considerable force of the enemy, under Montcalm, at the Saw-Mills, (site of the present village of Ticonderoga,) had not been engaged in the fight of the day before, he determined to dislodge them, and bring them to combat before they could join the stronger body on the plain before the fort.

Seven thousand, nearly one half of the army under General Bradstreet, at eleven o'clock marched to the attack. The force consisted of the batteau men, rangers under Captain John Stark, provincials, and the forty-fourth regiment and six battalions of the best disciplined regulars. Arriving at the first falls, the location overlooking the site of the enemy's encampment, it was believed to be in flames, and hurrying on, the bridge spanning the stream was found destroyed. Here the versatile mechanism of Stark, the rangers and provincials, was available; the bridge was rebuilt, and the troops immediately occupied the position which Montcalm, with his fifteen hundred men, had escaped from during the march and consequent delay of Abercrombie in returning to the landing. At three o'clock General Bradstreet sent information to Abercrombie of his position; and that night the whole army, excepting a few left at the landing to guard the stores, etc., and the four hundred and fifty rangers under Rogers, who were ordered to occupy the battle ground of the previous day, encamped on the spot where the French general had been securely posted during the day and night, within scarcely twenty minutes' march.

I digress. Eighty-one years had passed; thousands from the old and new world had visited this spot, the tent-ground of Montcalm, Abercrombie, and the marshalled chivalry of their time; when came the great republican statesman, the William Pitt of our time — Henry Clay. It was near the anniversary of the greatest battle in the colonial history of America. In his northern tour in 1839 from the lakes, following the St. Lawrence and the waters of Champlain, hundreds had interrupted his progress, and hither hundreds had assembled to meet him. He had examined minutely the ruined battlements of the old fort and of the French lines, and now across the portage, by stage of four miles, he was *en route* to take the little steamer through Lake George. Here at the small tavern, half way, the hardy yeomanry thronged to greet him, and he gave that hearty and cordial recognition, peculiarly his own, to all who pressed in his way.

At length the name of '*Apollo*s Austin, a soldier of the Revolution,' was pronounced, and an old gentleman far advanced in years took Mr. Clay's hand. '*Apollo*s,' said the latter, pleasantly, 'is a Bible name, and I suppose he is doing its good commands now while 'Paul may plant;' for happily we trust we need fight no more.' 'No, no,' said the other; 'but for all that I am a 'Green Mountain Boy,' and *could* fight as well now as ever in my life, if it need be. I have come a good many miles to-day to see one whom I have longed to see for more than forty years; and since I *have* seen HENRY CLAY, and shaken his honest hand, I must say this is the proudest and happiest day I have ever

lived. I feel,' he continued, good humoredly, 'like Simeon of old when he said: 'O LORD, let now thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation!'' At this moment the cheers of the crowd shook the little inn, and Mr. Clay attempted to interrupt a speech which was becoming a little too adulatory; but the old veteran continued: 'You have spent your whole life in the service of your country; you have been its salvation twice, if not thrice; I shall die before you, but you may yet live to save it again, if it should be in danger. I know you will save it always while you do live, and that will be forever, for your example and self-sacrifice will live always in our hearts and in history. You see the green hills yonder — there live the Green Mountain boys: true as steel, they honor and love Henry Clay!'

The statesman could not be diverted in his second attempt to interrupt the harangue, and rising with the dignity naturally inspired by the spot itself, yet simple in his reply, he said: 'FATHER AUSTIN, you have done me quite too much honor. It is true I love my country, and have endeavored to serve it in my day; but my services have been feeble. Yours commenced earlier. At that time doubts and uncertainties, and the severest trials, hardships, fatigues, privation and sufferings, attended all your struggles for freedom. If I have ever done any thing toward sustaining my country, you have done infinitely more than I, for you helped to form it. It was not completely a free and independent country until your services, and the services of such as you, made the world acknowledge its independence. These then have been greater than mine; and your hardships and battles were never mine to endure. You perhaps have camped here upon this very ground; have marched in the winter over these hills with unshod and bleeding feet. This has never been my fortune. My services have been small and my comforts many.'

By this time the venerable soldier had become engrossed with the remarks of the statesman, and he was silent. Mr. Clay was in the mean time often interrupted by the cheers of the numbers around, who crowded about him, shouting 'Go on! go on!' He continued: 'Gentleman, I thank you. I thank you for this cordial and hearty evidence of your friendship. When I see your great hills in all their primitive strength and beauty, I am impelled to consider the inhabitants of such a region firm and true. To me you are only too generous, for your kind feelings seem to flow as freely as the pure waters of your beautiful Lake George, of which I learn this is the hurrying outlet.

'One says he has come some twelve miles to see me; I may say I have come as many hundred to see you; to see what I might see; the country and its inhabitants, with its vast rivers and mountains and lakes, the inland seas of the west, which border a large extent of our country on the north. There among our neighbors in Canada I was taught the value of our citizenship, and of the name of 'American citizen.' For there civilities were extended me, marked and cordial, from a people but yesterday our enemies, with whom we were battling for the possession of this very spot and of yonder old fort. Now a great and powerful nation are happy and proud to be our friends. For no kingdom is too mighty or too remote to respect and honor the name, 'American citizen.'

‘You, gentlemen, fathers, (I understand there are others present beside Mr. Austin,) have fought to make that name. I honor you, our country honors you, the world honors you! You have told me that you are Green Mountain boys; though your faces may be strange, I know you all. Your abodes are the dwellings of freedom. For more than a thousand years the spirit of liberty has made the hills and mountain fastnesses its unconquered home. From there it has never been driven or exterminated.

‘From the green hills of the Tyrol, the Grampians of Scotland, the highest mountain peaks of Switzerland, the voice of liberty undismayed has been heard in its majesty, causing despotism to fear and tremble. And living on through ages of tyranny and oppression, its valiant deeds have been echoed from your own Green Mountains, at the sight of which our hearts warm with pride for the patriotism of those men of yore called Green Mountain Boys! Let us consider those mountains, which delight the eye of every traveller and the heart of every freeman, as great watch-towers to guard our liberty, and as everlasting monuments of our early chivalry and fame.

‘No portion of my journey has interested me more than this: the natural grandeur of the scenery, both mountain and water, the battle-grounds and the crumbling ruins of the old fort, the most extensive in our country, and once the mighty fortress of contending kingdoms. Your agricultural industry is manifested by your rich valleys and well cultivated hills; your shepherds are more than princes; and the free air of heaven, nowhere purer than here, has given you health and energy and a green old age. They who once made their foot-prints here, and left the track of their snow-shoes where we stand, and glided over these waters in their canoes, doing valiant and chivalric service, are silent now. But few of that race of men are left. The gratitude of a free country attends them; new honors every year cluster about them. You have honored me, fellow citizens, by your presence, and by your cordial and hearty greetings. Grateful for that honor, in the fulness of my heart, again I thank you.’

The distinguished traveller hurriedly resumed his seat in the stage-coach, amid the echoing huzzas of the young yeomanry, and the tearful joy of the old. The statesman was doubtless alive to these manifestations; he had really contributed to the patriotic pride of all, and made the heart of many an old man happy. But to return.

Before day-break, on the morning of the fatal eighth, the commander-in-chief sent Colonel Clark, chief engineer, and Captain Abercrombie, with Stark and one or two other rangers, to reconnoitre the position and strength of the enemy. They took observation from nearly the summit of Mount Defiance, which overlooked the Fort, the grounds, and newly-made entrenchments, and reported it practicable to carry those works if attacked immediately, as the lines appeared unfinished, and the breast-work of much less height than, unfortunately, they proved to be when the army marched to the assault.

Ticonderoga — that part which includes the military grounds as they appeared at that time, and just as they appear now, except that the fort is in ruins — extends from the point of land made by the joining

waters of the two lakes ; and running back, on the shore of each, near one mile, it forms that peninsula ; and here, at this distance from the point, the first wall of the fort — ‘ the old French lines ’ as they are now called — extended entirely across from Lake George outlet to Lake Champlain, three-fourths of a mile. In this triangular form, within their strong entrenchment, lay the whole French army.

At sunrise, four hundred and fifty Indians, under their favorite commander, Sir William Johnson, arrived and joined Abercrombie. And now, with the entire strength of the army — in the belief deduced from the engineer’s report, together with the unanimous statement of the prisoners, that a large reinforcement of three thousand Canadians, under M. de Levi, which had been designed for attack on the British and Indians on the Mohawk river, would soon arrive — the English General determined on making the attack at once ; and the army was again put in motion. The French scouts outside the lines, from their elevated positions — at one time in the tops of trees — reported to Montcalm their approach, and the main strength of the French was soon brought to the entrenchments from their various positions between the garrison and the breast-work. The information given by the prisoners, whether designed or not, was incorrect ; the force under De Levi were only eight hundred, and had been with the garrison several days. In fact, the entire numbers of the French did not exceed three thousand, and they often reported much less.

The great strength of the breast-work and entrenchment was in the centre ; while the extremes, near the waters on each side, the breast-work, of much less height, and made up of a few trees, was comparatively easy of assault. In the centre, the idol of the army, the brave Montcalm, brought up his most reliable and chivalric troops, consisting of Royal Roussellon and other sharp-shooters ; and the position, it is said, he did not change during the entire siege. To this day the spot is plainly identified, being but ninety yards north of the travelled road, just a few yards in the rear of the old lines.

On the right, M. de Levi, held his command, consisting of the regiments, La Reine, Bearne, and Guienne ; while the left was occupied by M. de Bourlemaque, commanding other strong forces, determined, as he said, to avenge his defeat in the woods on the sixth ; and the provincials, Canadian militia and Indians, were stationed within and behind those military works which then flanked the strongest part of the lines, and which show now, though in ruins, the extensive fortifications on the plain. They were designed to mount powerful batteries, and will interest the visitor while they last, and the history of this affair is not forgotten. But the most formidable auxiliary to the defences of the French, was an immense forest of oak-trees felled in front of the lines for one hundred yards, the branches sharpened and pointing outward. This, together with the natural slope of the ground, from the works all the way to the now approaching English army, was regarded as an impassable barrier to its advance upon the breast-work. The primitive growth of the oak forests at that time, and its denseness on that peninsula, can scarcely be imagined. But the French army was composed of men suited to the times — they were woodsmen as well as soldiers ;

and no military barricade, so much the birth of instant exigencies, in our country has equalled it, save perhaps the cotton bales at New Orleans.

The English army having advanced to within half a mile of the entrenchments, orders were passed, and the positions of the vast force defined. On the left, the American rangers; in the centre, the batteauxmen of Bradstreet; on the right, the light infantry, to no more than three yards distance from the breast-work, and in a line; and in the rear of these on the left, the first battalion of the New-York regiment; and on the right, the six Massachusetts regiments. These were to support the regiments of the regulars in case they should be forced to retire, and they were to be reinforced by the Connecticut and New-Jersey troops bringing up the whole. The provincials near and outside the breast-work extended on either side from Lake Champlain to Lake George outlet, excepting a space directly in front of Montcalm. This was reserved open for the ready march of the regulars for the storming of this the strongest position.

A lieutenant of the New-Hampshire rangers led the advance guard, when, being met by a body in ambush, within three hundred yards of the entrenchments, and fired upon, he halted and made a return, which for a moment disordered the order of the column. Rogers, with the advancing rangers, immediately forming a front, maintained the ground, while the army was marching up to their positions. So far the fire of the French had not killed one man. Aware of the disorder which another discharge would create, the French again made a scathing fire without the breast-work. Impetuous and regardless of orders, the rangers diverged, and instead of taking the position contemplated in their orders, commenced firing on the enemy on the right. By this means Colonel Delancy's New-York force, which was to have taken post in the rear, was surprised by the French, and suffered their fire for nearly an hour with some loss, when the enemy were driven within their breast-work. This skirmishing and bush-fighting continued from half-past ten till nearly one o'clock, the places of action changing but little in the time.

The formidable defences were now distinctly revealed to the English army; they saw the abattis of felled trees, and the breast-work of earth, nine feet in height; and in one account of the affair, the narrator says, 'the Indians all went off.' The battery commenced its destructive fire on the centre of the army, and at one o'clock, under the most scorching rays of the July sun, the order was given for the attack by the regulars. They were directed on their peril, not to fire till they were within the breast-work; the grenadiers, with unfaltering steps, led the way; and invincible only by fatal shots, they steadily marched up to the tangled abattis; and then, their shattered columns, fearfully thinned, pressed onward, unfaltering, through the one hundred yards of felled trees, to the trenches in front of the breast-work, which they found to be nearly twenty feet wide. They were closely followed by the fifty-fifth regiment — Lord Howe's, which had been so faithfully trained by him — considered the flour of the British army, and — following others of the regulars — one battalion of the Royal Americans.

Impatient and impetuous, the Highlanders rushed on, and with incredible success, their lighter equipments and broadswords favoring their way, and cutting through the felled trees, and raised on the shoulders of their fellows, many gained the breast-work, and overpowered, fighting hand to hand, died on the summit. The extraordinary prowess of Captain John Campbell, accounts of the day said, excited the terror of the French. 'Pierced by bayonets, and bleeding with fearful cuts and gashes on the face, given by incredible numbers, he yielded not till eleven balls had fatally wounded him at the same moment. His body fell outside the works, and was borne from the field by his comrades.' But the men of Rob Roy knew no living conqueror; undaunted, and enraged at the fall of so many of their associates, the orders for retreat were unheeded, and like mad lions they rushed on with renewed fury, and, carrying destruction, scores died within the lines, and in the very jaws of an overwhelming force. So fought this extraordinary body of men. Accounts of deeds of valor reveal but few such instances. Three hundred and fourteen were killed, and three hundred and thirty-three wounded. Every officer except two was either killed or wounded; and when at last the shattered remnant obeyed the call for retreat, they glanced at their allies and saw them fleeing, and then at the fallen heroes; while, strange to say, they were allowed, from the very trenches, undisturbed by a single shot, to hurry off with many of their gallant but slaughtered companions.

From the earliest written history of the Highland clans, down to their formation into the Black Watch, and then into a regiment, each had its old counsellor, whose sayings were their law; its prayer-makers, whose religion was almost their gospel, and their bards and songsters, who clothed their deeds in poetry and sung the requiems of their departed. At that day such was this unmixed regiment. But a few years from their native hills, they brought from them all their primitive superstitions, which they nursed in the camp, wherever service called, among the romantic scenery of the American wilds. Three days after the battle, at Fort Edward, when the green sod covered the rude grave of Campbell and a few others, a vacant stare was on the heavy countenances of all who were performing these rites to their fallen. Silently looking at each, at length one says: 'Who is our counsellor now? and who will sing our dirges?'

The same discipline which caused all the regulars in the first attack to face the cannon's mouth, controlled the other regiments during the action; though the sad story of their loss is not to be told like that of the forty-second Highlanders. Encouraged by every succeeding assault and retreat of those brave regiments, every distinct command being obeyed—joined by the Rangers, Royal Americans and provincials—the varied strength of the army was rushing on, filling up the broken lines, attacking in other positions, and the slaughter became general. The eloquent author of 'Hochelaga' says: 'Then fresh troops pressed on to the deadly strife, rivalling the courage and sharing the fate of those who had led the way. For nearly four hours, like the succeeding waves of an ebb-tide, they attacked again and again, each time losing somewhat of their vantage-ground; now fiercely

rushing on, unflinchingly enduring the murderous fire, then sullenly falling back to re-form their broken ranks for a fresh effort.'

And now, strangely, the enemy suddenly struck their colors and hoisted the English flag from one of their strong positions on the breast-work. A large force closed in the English columns and marched up; others along the lines pierced the breast-work with their bayonets, and were about scaling them, when a whole volley from the French cannon and muskets made fearful havoc. They had thrown grenade-shells and all the avalanche of their full force at one fell swoop, mowing down the thick and extended columns of the English army. Hundreds fell; the front and the rear suffered equally. The slaughter ceased; the fortunes of the day were decided; and a mass of human bodies, dying and dead, covered the ground far beyond the lines and strong battlements of the enemy. Nineteen hundred and forty-two were killed and wounded; and of these sixteen hundred and eight were regulars, and three hundred and thirty-four provincials. Over their mangled carcases the survivors of this ill-starred expedition rushed on in the retreat.

The loss of the enemy was for the time supposed to be trifling, but proved to be three hundred and eighty. Still masters of Northern New-York, twelve months and thirteen days longer the proud flag of France floated on the fortress-battlements of Ticonderoga.

A S U M M E R T H O U G H T .

BY JOHN K. HOLMES.

How calm, how bright, how sweet, how clear
The smiles that come at noon-day here,
As if to woo the tribes of care
To turn and watch, forget and bear;
Forget those sorrows which their breasts
Have long embraced as weary guests;
Forget the throbs, the dreams, the throes
That Mammon's pale disciple knows;
Forget Ambition's force and sway,
And make with Peace one holiday!

Not here shall come to me, to me,
That thirst, that strife, that mockery
The world awakes, that passion feeds
Around the heart like worthless weeds!
Oh! let me stand apart and be
Baptized by Nature and by THEE,
Thou Great, thou Good, thou best above
This death, and dust, that mocks my love!

Pittsburgh, Pa., 1850.

A S O N G O F E U R O P E .

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

THE clergy did much toward accustoming mankind to prefer the authority of law to the power of the sword. At their instigation private wars ceased for certain periods and on particular days, and the observance of the 'Truce of God' was guarded by the terrors of excommunication and anathema.

MILLS' HISTORY OF THE CRUSADES.

OUR sires in the old time
Stayed arrow and sword,
And the earth tilled unfearing,
In truce with the LORD.

The war-cry no longer
Swelled loud o'er the plain,
But the laugh of the husbandman
Rang through the grain.

And the vintagers wakened
The song of the vine,
Where the ripe grape they gathered,
Or pressed out the wine.

Then the bride wore her garland
In gladness and glee;
Then the sad soul was shriven
Ere death set her free.

But when the full harvest
Was reaped from the land,
The bow-string was tightened,
Unsheathed was the brand.

Thus take we the ploughshare
While the sword lieth still,
From her blood-fattened waste lands
Earth's garners to fill.

And think, though our rulers
Feast full on our toil,
That we too shall gather
New strength from the soil.

For e'en while they revel,
Exulting in peace,
Our purpose will ripen,
Our might will increase.

Then look to our tillage,
Sow widely the corn;
And hail to the harvest
That waits us at morn!

For the arm of the reaper
Will sway in the grain,
Till our tyrants are stubble
And chaff on the plain.

AN INCIDENT IN CHURCH.

I SUPPOSE the spirit of every human Being—like a golden reach of Landscape in the richest warmth of Summer—to be, in some of its passages, at times overshadowed by clouds of despondency, or of foreboding, or of grief, or of regret. DAY, in its brilliancy, after the glory of the Sun hath rested in joy for some hours, creates and exalts these vapours of the natural world to soften and temper the ineffable light. And thus also, in the spiritual world, shadows not less certainly, after some hour of transport or of intellectual brightness, are made to pass across the firmament of the mind: or to dwell slowly; or to descend from on high and rest above like a tent of authority; or utterly to lower, or to overcast, or darken it.

Hereafter perhaps in some far-future state of the Soul's existence, it will be given us to know and comprehend if we should desire, how these vapours of the mind that we now construe into trials and sadnesses, may like the clouds of Earth have shaded sheltered refreshed sobered and fertilized the Soul. How out of these its apparent griefs and overshadowings the young leaf hath lifted its green head, and the herbage and fountains and brooks and woods of the moral world have renewed as in youth their anthem of Verdure and delight.

It is not so now. It is not so here. And it was with a depressed, a forlorn heart, that I made my way upon a Sunday morning into the Southern aisle of one of our distant churches, listening as I walked forward up the aisle to the deep and solemn Voluntary that precedes our noble service. I had hardly seated myself in a pew where I felt welcome, when that precious expression of the Warriour-King entered unexpectedly into my thoughts:

'ONE thing have I desired of the LORD: that will I seek after; that I might dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the LORD, and to enquire in His Temple.

'Wait on the LORD: be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thine heart: Wait, I say, on the LORD.'

I was thus in the position so often and so zealously desired and longed for by the heroic Leader and King of Israel, the man of arms from his youth; and, during the dissensions of Israel, so fruitlessly and in vain longed for by him—nay more, within my own breast and small experience while travelling at different periods over the Continent of Europe, how often had I, even I, longed for one such Sabbath among my own people as was at this moment to be vouchsafed to me! What Protestant Christian traveller on the Continent of Europe hath not also yearned for this?

'If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church!—'

How strong is the invocation, how numerous, how beautiful the associations that spring upward in the heart to fashion a reply? I was in the very spot where bells had knoll'd; and I felt the cloud that oppressed me preparing to fold up its tented outlines, and the Shadow to pass off at the brightening of these thoughts.

Yet still despondency and grief maintained themselves upon the

large field of my soul ; and although the service was read by the voice that in reading I most love to hear ; and which, in articulating the words of Holy Writ, not only with admirable discretion and musical emphasis, but with a knowledge that can but be the result of profound investigation, enriches the mind of the hearer with a fresher and more glorious knowledge of the Divine Love — still I remained in the darkness that foretells the storm.

The service proceeded and I participated in it, but nothing remarkable occurred either in the responses, or chaunting, or the singing of the psalm. But the priest gave out as the hymn for the occasion, the two concluding stanzas of the one hundred and forty-ninth ; of which the following are the simple and touching verses :

‘The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

‘Then let our songs abound
And every tear be dry ;
We’re travelling through IMMANUEL’S ground,
To fairer worlds on high.’

Then it was that a voice, from which no note had come before, took up the strain at it’s first commencement, and carried it in every letter through to the termination of the Gloria Patri. It was a veiled voice : low, repressed, diminished. The most expert and best-taught Bullfinch in it’s mellowest flow of miniature sound was never half so sweet, nor approached mid-way it’s nicety of articulation : while it’s compass, it’s capacity was such, that before half the first stanza was completed you felt that, restrained and compressed as it was, it contained within it a thousand nightingales in ambush, all ready with their Tereu jug jug jug gurglings of liquid pleasure, with which they could in a moment have filled all arches of the vaulted church.

It played with Joy as at a game of Cup and Ball. And yet, in it’s pathos, it recalled gone days that had long past. Enriching the present, and yet reconciling us to its flight. Other voices are coldly exact and critically dull in their admeasurement of Time ; upon this, Time seemed to wait and linger and dwell, as upon a mistress of all Time and all Verse.

The clearness and elegance of her enunciation, the syllabick and yet not formal division of her words, the rising swell, and the cadence that seem’d too beautiful to die, all converted the strain into a musical rhetoric of thought ; such as when verse and song were one.

With what an *oleum lætitiæ*, with what a liquid melody of gladness, did the letter L as often as it occurred delight the listener as it slid along the side of her coralline mouth ! and the R, rolling over her little gracious tongue, how it loved her as it left the delicious concave for the open air ! there to recount and to record and to reverberate her expressions of prayer and praise ! It seemed as if there had never been any other Letter than the Letter R. ‘Let every tear be dry.’ Joy and goodness and religious fervour awakened at her call of hope and of assurance ; the heart was consoled, refreshed ; and to hear her was to know, if never known before, that the dew of God’s precious blessing of Woman descends upon the soul of man in the tones of her voice.

I longed ardently to behold her ; but placed as I was, directly in her front, I felt that it would be rudeness, and that it might be profanation, to turn quite round as I must have done to gain a glimpse of those eloquent lips ; and I abstained.

I was rewarded for the self-denial. My attention, undisturbed by any exercise of the sight, revelled in the fresh remembrance of her enchanting tones. I walked homeward alone, with every cloud dispersed, and every faculty exercised in listening, still listening, to the words and notes that she had breathed. It was one of the 'sacred sweets' yielded by 'the hill of Sion;' I felt it to be such; and I felt myself to be, may I not say it?

— 'travelling through IMMANUEL'S ground,
To fairer worlds on high.'

I have been several times since then, perhaps I ought to say often since then, to the same church, at the same hour, and have seated myself in the same spot; but no such sound has again entranced my senses. I should distinguish the slightest note from that of any other voice, as readily, as certainly, as decide betwixt blue and crimson. From whom could it have proceeded? May it have been that the organs of some dumb Girl shall, utterly unknown to herself, have been occupied and employed by a wandering seraph that had descended to the surface of Earth to heal delight instruct console? — Oh VOICE, holy and pure! come once again to me before I depart and am no more! come to me even at the moment that I bid adieu to Earth, and teach me again of 'fairer worlds on High!' Oh VOICE! holy and pure! oh SPIRIT! beautiful, celestial, that canst not die, once only again before the golden bowl be broken, or ever the silver cord be loosed; — once, once again!

JOHN WATERS.

T H E F O U R T H O F J U L Y .

WRITTEN AT SEA.

YE sons of Columbia! land of the brave,
Who roam far away on the ocean's bright wave,
To-day in our dear native land is unfurled
The banner of Freedom, the pride of the world!
From the East to the West, from the South to the North,
Each patriot welcomes the glorious Fourth:
The booming of cannon and martial array
Swell the splendor and pomp of this much-honored day;
Though no cannon peals loud o'er the ocean serene,
Nor the joy of a nation disturbs the still scene,
Yet the flag of our country floats brightly alone,
And who is not proud when he calls it his own?
E'en our gallant ship gaily skims o'er the blue sea,
As if conscious of bearing the Flag of the Free.
Then hip, hip, hurrah! for your banner unfurl'd,
And three hearty cheers for the pride of the world!

W. CRUTTENDEN BROWN.

T H E A C T U A L .

AWAY! no more shall shadows entertain ;
 No more shall fancy paint and dreams delude ;
 No more shall these illusions of the brain
 Divert me with their pleasing interlude :
 Forever are ye banished, idle joys ;
 Welcome stern labor-life — this is no world for toys !

Blessed labor-life ! victorious only he
 Who in its lists doth valiantly contend ;
 For labor in itself is victory ;
 Yield never to repose ; but let the end
 Of Life's great battle be — the end of life :
 A glorious immortality shall crown the strife.

R. B. K.

S T O R Y O F T H E M A N

WHOM NOBODY CAN BENEFIT, AND THE MAN WHOM NOBODY CAN INJURE.

BY A. B. JOHNSON.

T H E P R E F A C E .

IN Queens county, Long-Island, a body of water called 'Success Pond' has long attracted the attention of the curious, by reason that one part of it seems unfathomable. The late Doctor Samuel L. Mitchell, of New-York, of learned memory, made many fruitless efforts to reach the bottom ; and that his labors therein might not be wholly barren of interest to posterity, he stocked the pond with perch, which are now become so numerous, that between the pleasure of fishing for them, viewing the surrounding picturesque scenery, and searching for the unfathomable part of the pond, the place, under the name of 'Lakeville,' is become quite a fashionable resort for New-Yorkers during the heat of summer, and good hotels accommodate the many visitors. The following narrative, how puerile soever it may seem in other situations, is a part of the established amusement of the place, and is preserved at the best hotel in the front pages of a book in which visitors write their names. We have taken the liberty to transcribe the story literally as we found it, and principally for the philosophical purpose of showing what trifles will amuse even wise and grave people when they are in search of amusement ; and hence presenting to the thoughtful, who are occasionally unhappy from lack of amusement, the question of whether the fault may not be in themselves rather than in external circumstances. These remarks must not, however, be construed as insinuating any mistrust of the narrative, for we would not commit so great an offence

against the traditional glories of Lakeville. Indeed, we are firm believers in a plurality of worlds; a world of imagination at least, as well as a physical world; and as we deem the sorrows of the imaginative world more immediacable and less endurable than the sorrows of the physical world, we would be the last to abridge any man's imaginative pleasures.

THE STORY.

IN this pond, many years ago a boy was fishing immediately over the unfathomable spot, as is conjectured; and of a sudden he felt that something uncommon was nibbling at his bait; and on jerking the line, he became assured that he had hooked a large prize. He pulled cautiously, but experienced much difficulty in raising his line; and when he succeeded, he was astonished at finding attached to his hook not a fish, but a young lady of surpassing beauty. The hook had caught her by the under lip, and while she moaned piteously, she said 'Harry, Harry, cut the line and permit me to descend, for I am not mortal but a Naiad, who reside in the deepest recesses of the pond.'

The boy possessed a turn for traffic, and he was determined to drag her ashore and exhibit her for money, as he had lately seen a live seal exhibited; which was nothing near as curious. The Naiad, however, became angry when she found that her tears and entreaties were disregarded; and catching the line with one of her hands, she snapped it asunder with ease; and as she was plunging to the bottom of the pond, she exclaimed, angrily, 'You fool, since you will not benefit those whom PROVIDENCE places within your influence, no man shall be able to benefit you!'

The boy was not a little mortified at the result of the adventure, and particularly at the escape of so curious an animal; but as he never expected to need benefits from other people, he cared nothing for the malediction; and gathering up his fishing-tackle, he departed toward home, reporting every where, as he went, the curious adventure he had experienced; though he omitted the colloquy, as he suspected it would not redound to his credit.

The narrative was not long in spreading over the surrounding neighborhood, and another lad thought he would try his success in this strange fishing; but he kept his intention secret, lest he should expose himself to ridicule for believing so improbable a tale. He accordingly resorted to the pond very early one morning with a fish-line sufficiently strong for the kind of fish that he was seeking, and casting his hook into the unfathomable hole, awaited the result with more patience than faith; but he soon found that his bait was assailed, and on jerking up his line, dragged with much difficulty to the surface, the beautiful being that the other boy had hooked. She began to moan as she had moaned previously, and said entreatingly, 'Richard, Richard, cut the line and permit me to descend.' At the sight of her distress his resolution for capturing her forsook him, and he took from his pocket a knife to comply with her request; but she no sooner discovered his intention, than she raised her hand to her rosy mouth, and with ease extricated herself from the

hook ; and with the sweetest smile that can be conceived, plunged below the surface of the pond, but not before she had exclaimed, ' Dear youth, since you are unwilling to injure the unfortunate, no man shall be able to injure you !'

Richard was rather pleased with his adventure, though he had failed in the object for which he had left home, and he returned thither with a quiet conscience and a good appetite for breakfast. The result of his experiment he intended to communicate to Harry, but he found that Harry's father, who was a man in easy pecuniary circumstances, had sent his son that morning to a boarding-school kept by Mr. Halsey, in Elizabethtown, New Jersey ; as he was determined to give his son a good literary education. Mr. Halsey was one of the most thorough disciplinarians that our country ever possessed, but was exceedingly kind ; and he took every new scholar into an orchard full of choice fruit, of which the boy was permitted to eat his fill. Our young gentleman began accordingly, to eat with a good relish ; and recollecting what the Naiad had threatened, he laughed and wondered whether Mr. Halsey was not benefitting him. His mirth invigorated his appetite, and he ate and laughed again ; and kept eating and laughing, swallowing cherry stones with the cherries in his eagerness to eat fast and much, till the cherries began to lose their good flavor. He however, kept eating in consideration of their former flavor, till they began to taste bitter, and he could endure them no longer. Descending from the tree, he walked slowly toward the school, but he soon felt an ugly pain, with some nausea ; and eventually became so much disordered with the quantity he had eaten of cherries and cherry stones, that he discovered, to his disappointment and sorrow, that Mr. Halsey had not benefitted him by the indulgence he had granted.

After several days and nights of severe pain, he recovered sufficiently to commence his studies, but he found them difficult and tedious. Why English people should trouble themselves to learn Latin and Greek, seemed an enigma that ought to be solved before a young man should be required to study them ; and in his endeavors to solve this perplexing question, he employed much of the time that ought to have been devoted to acquiring his lessons. Fortunately however, he enjoyed a room-mate, by the name of Broughton, who kindly undertook, in consideration of a large share of Harry's pocket money, to make his translations, cypher all his sums in arithmetic, and enable him to appear like a thriving scholar, without any of the privations that must attend the acquisition of learning. He now laughed again, when he thought of the Naiad, and he wondered whether Broughton was not benefitting him in saving him from the irksomeness of study.

Four years were passed in the above manner, and Harry had become old enough to enter college ; but behold ! when he presented himself at Yale, he was found on examination to be so deficient in the required preparatory studies, that he was rejected. His father was as much grieved as surprised, and he would fain have induced his son to return to school and obtain the required proficiency ; but the young man thought this would expose him to ridicule, and he could be neither threatened nor coaxed into the measure. His father seeing him thus resolved, at

length said, 'My son, I have given you the best opportunities that money can procure for acquiring a literary education; but since you refuse to be thus benefitted, I must abandon the hope of seeing you become a professional man, and you must take your chance in some less intellectual employment.'

The son felt a secret mortification at the result, but as he should thereby escape the confinement of a college, he was more pleased than sorry; and concluded that he would become a merchant. This would be less sedentary than the law, for the profession of which his father had designed him; and it would enable him to acquire a fortune in a less time; a consideration of no little importance to a gentleman who is not fond of labor. He resolved, however, to become rich, and perhaps as rich as Girard, though he did not approve entirely of the Girard College. Some more personal gratifications would, he thought, be an improved disposition of his fortune; and the gratifications might be so regulated as not essentially to impair the residuary estate.

These preliminaries being thus settled, his father procured him a situation in a large importing house on Long-Wharf, in Boston; the owner of which assured the father, that if the son merited patronage, he should be promoted by every means in the merchant's power, and every care should be taken to give the young man a thorough mercantile education. Harry was a handsome youth, with no obvious defect but a superabundance of whiskers; for by some natural connexion, whiskers seem to exuberate in proportion to the barrenness of the intellect. The merchant was, however, no philosopher, and never speculated deeply on abstruse connexions, and therefore, placed the young man in the counting-room to copy invoices and letters, carry money to the bank, bring packages from the post-office; and to perform the various other small duties that pertain to the minor department of a great commercial establishment. Unfortunately these duties were not suited to the taste of the young gentleman, being far too unimportant; and he performed them in a way which evinced his opinion of their unimportance. In copying a letter he would omit some words and misspell others; and write the whole in so crooked, unintelligible and blotted a manner, that his employer, disgusted with his carelessness, dismissed him from the counting-house, after telling him that he had sincerely desired to benefit him, but he found he could not.

The information not only surprised the young man but offended him, for he felt confident that he could have performed well the higher duties of a merchant, though he had failed in performing the small duties. 'This time at least,' thought he, 'I am more sinned against than sinning;' and without waiting to announce the misadventure to his father, he packed up his clothes and went home, as a man who had been unjustly persecuted. The father, however, took a less partial view of the matter, and even ventured to hint that only those 'who prove themselves faithful in a few things, are ever made lord over many things.' But as expostulation could not reinstate the young man, the father as a last resort, purchased a farm for him, and bade him try to gain a living by agriculture.

This expedient harmonized well with the son's taste, for he was fond

of riding, hunting and fishing; and he thought farming would abundantly coincide with these amusements. He accordingly took with him into the country plenty of gunpowder, shot and fishing-tackle; not however, neglecting due quantities of seeds for the cultivation of his land. 'Business first and then pleasure,' said the father, and so thought the son, who resolved that the present attempt to benefit him, should not be thwarted by mismanagement. He was sedulous in ascertaining the latest improvements that had been made in agricultural implements, and in supplying himself abundantly with the most approved patterns; but in his haste to commence his new business, he could not waste time in learning the art of cultivation; the simplicity of the processes rendering any previous study unnecessary. Still the simplicity of the art, and the excellence of the farming utensils, proved to be not quite sufficient to supply the absence of experience; and he sowed wheat where he ought to have sown oats, planted corn when he ought to have planted potatoes, and was engaged in fishing and fowling when he ought to have been hoeing and harvesting. None of his crops yielded well, and what grew was injured by bad husbandry; till at the end of three years he was heavily in debt, and the value of his farm was insufficient to discharge his liabilities.

His father also, was no longer able to assist him. Repeated disappointments in the hopes which he had formed of his son, had preyed upon his spirits, and impaired his health. He was old and had become feeble; while large pecuniary engagements into which a friend had betrayed him, nearly exhausted his property. In this condition of body, mind and estate, he ascertained the result of the farming project of his son, who had returned home to obtain some assistance. He felt that death was busy with him, and calling his son to a last interview, he said (with the bluntness that usually characterizes a death-bed interview;) 'My son, I am no longer able to minister to your extravagance, and no longer willing to keep blind to your folly. Your miscarriages have not proceeded from the malediction of any Naiad, as you vainly insist; but from your own mismanagement. You have never tried to benefit yourself. You have always relied on me and other people for benefits; but be assured that the man who will not benefit himself, no person can benefit.'

While Harry was thus realizing the Naiad's prediction, Richard to whom the opposite prediction had been uttered, had also been sent to Mr. Halsey's school; for though his father was poor, he copied the conduct of his rich neighbor in the education of his son. The schoolmaster had discontinued the practice of taking new comers into the orchard, for he had found that they rarely possessed discretion enough to restrain their appetites within the bounds of health. The boys of the school were, however, not willing that a new scholar should escape the usual initiatory surfeit, which from its frequent recurrence, they had brought themselves to witness as a good practical joke. They accordingly invited Richard to accompany them into the orchard on the first forenoon of his arrival at Elizabethtown; and taking him to one of the most fruitful trees, they told him that the custom of the school permitted him to eat as many cherries as he could swallow. He liked cher-

ries well, and ate as many as he thought wholesome; and then descended from the tree gratified and refreshed.

The boys began to laugh when they saw him descend, and expected that he had of course made himself sick; but when the dinner-bell rang, he was able to take his seat and relish the boiled beef and potatoes, as well as any of his companions. They watched him with no little surprise, and began to dislike him, since he had falsified their expectations; and they unanimously resolved that no body should assist him in learning his lessons, nor should any one prompt him at recitations. He accordingly was compelled to depend entirely on his own industry, and to acquire all his lessons thoroughly; especially as all his class-mates contrived to station him at recitations where the most difficult sentences would fall to his share. His patient application turned their malice so much to his advantage, that when the period arrived for his removal to college, he was thoroughly prepared to enter, and to derive from his collegiate course all the benefits it is adapted to render.

He found at college some young men who had been his school fellows. Recollecting their old grudge against him, they one day while eating some strawberries, thought they would practice on him a capital joke. They filled a bowl with the finest strawberries they could procure, and strewed over them a quantity of tartar-emetic in some finely powdered loaf sugar; and watching the opportunity of his absence, placed them on a table in his room. He was surprised on his return to find the bowl of strawberries; but supposing a servant had mistaken his room for that of some other student, he carefully placed the strawberries on a shelf till they should be inquired after, without indulging his appetite so far as to eat one; because as he acted from a principle of propriety, he was not disposed to violate the principle for one strawberry, after he had determined he would not violate it for the whole bowl full.

The young men who practised on him this unworthy trick were delighted in the anticipation of his sickness. They were very merry, and as they had provided themselves with wine and cigars, they drank and smoked till they became so boisterous that a tutor overheard them; and going to the door, he found it locked. He demanded admittance which they refused with taunts and groans, till he became so incensed at the indignity offered to him, that he forced open the door. The rioters immediately fell upon him and beat him, having first extinguished the candles to prevent a recognition of their persons; but he knew several by their voices, and they were on the next morning called before the faculty. They refused to disclose their associates, and were all expelled except one who relented, and narrated the whole adventure, including the trick with the strawberries. The President was much alarmed when he ascertained the quantity of tartar-emetic that had been thrown over the strawberries, and went immediately to ascertain in person the consequences. He entered the room with trepidation, and was surprised to find that no evil had ensued; and he was particularly pleased when he ascertained that the virtue of the young man had protected him from danger.

From the above period, the President interested himself daily in

the scholarship of Richard, and frequently related in society, the escape which the young man had experienced from a danger that seemed almost inevitable. A New-Haven lawyer heard the anecdote, and as he had once delivered a lecture before a lyceum of the city, on the preservative influence of virtue, the conduct of Richard seemed to illustrate the theory, and produced in the lawyer a strong desire to benefit the illustrator. He accordingly when the young man graduated, received him into his office as a law student, and attended with much interest to his legal studies.

This gentleman, Thomas Burlingston, will be well remembered at New-Haven, as a lawyer of distinguished celebrity throughout Connecticut, at the period in question. He possessed only one child, a young lady of much beauty, good humor and intellectual cultivation, with whom the young student could not fail from being interested, as frequent opportunities brought them together in social intercourse. But he was poor, and her father was rich and aristocratic; and beside she was known to be engaged to a gentleman of suitable wealth in the city of Hartford; all which caused the young student to restrain his feelings, rather avoiding than wooing the young lady; and always addressing her with great respect and reserve.

In this period of his clerkship, one of the young men who had been expelled from college, resolved to make one more effort to injure him; and to effectually revenge his own expulsion. He accordingly wrote an anonymous letter to Mr. Burlingston, alleging that his daughter was in danger from the arts of the clerk, who was assiduously endeavoring to gain her affections. Mr. Burlingston was naturally indignant at the alleged treachery of a young man whom he was endeavoring to benefit; but that he might not condemn him unheard, he called him into his private office, and presented to him the letter. The young man read it with emotion, and with the frankness of innocence acknowledged the warm esteem that he felt for the young lady; but he repelled the imputation that he had in the slightest manner permitted his feelings to appear in his conduct or conversation; on the contrary, he had sedulously avoided all unnecessary communications with her, even to the danger of being deemed by her rude or unaccommodating.

The ingenuousness of this explanation and confession so enhanced the clerk in the estimation of the father, who never felt wholly satisfied with the moral character of the gentleman who was engaged to his daughter, that shortly after this private *eclaircissement*, the engagement was for adequate reasons, rescinded; and in the course of another year the daughter and the clerk became man and wife, with the approbation of Mr. Burlingston, and to the great satisfaction of the young couple. On the day which witnessed the celebration of the marriage, the young husband obtained a license to practice law as an attorney, and he was immediately taken into partnership by his father-in-law. His subsequent career was more than ordinarily prosperous. His diligence in business, his faithfulness to the interests of his clients, and his acknowledged general probity soon gained him property enough to maintain his wife respectably; and eventually to surround them with ease and elegance. At this period of his life, he was accustomed to

travel during some part of the summer months; and on one of these occasions when he was visiting the scenes of his boyhood, he took a fancy to again try his luck in fishing over the unfathomable hole in Success Pond; though his wife was not quite pleased with this new experiment, lest he should again fish up the Naiad, and receive some announcement less agreeable than the first. But he only good naturedly laughed at her suspicion; and proceeding early one morning to the old spot, he cast in his line as he had done some fifteen years previously; and soon obtained a bite of something which seemed to be heavy. He felt no doubt it was the Naiad, and pulled up cautiously lest he should hurt her; but on getting his hook to the surface, he found to his great disappointment, that nothing was attached to it but an old fish net, which he was in the act of throwing back into the lake, when he observed within its folds, a curiously shaped stone or tablet; and on it was engraved in large roman letters, 'The man who will not injure himself, no person can injure.' This is the last intercourse the Naiad has deigned to hold with mortals; and that no possibility of cavil may exist in relation to her existence, the stone with its original inscription, is preserved under a glass case by the public spirited inn-keeper of Lakeville, and may be seen at all times on the mantel-piece of his best parlor, and what adds peculiar value to the relic, is a tradition that whoever will read the inscription on the tablet, and conform to its teachings, will succeed in life as successfully as Richard. The tradition rests not wholly on faith but on experience; and the landlord's parlor, like the ancient temple of Æsculapius, is ornamented with votive testimonials of persons who claim to have been benefitted by the process. Among the beneficiaries we remember one name, because we happen to know the individual. He is a banker, residing in a village some few miles west of Geneva, who, by adhering closely from a boy, to the inscribed maxim, finds himself at the maturity of life, worth more than half a million of dollars, acquired without his having made any man the poorer. The casualties which make improvident persons fall down, make him fall up; and in contemplation of this peculiarity, the landlord intends this summer to add another tablet to the mantel-piece, to the effect, 'that the man who will take good care of himself, will be sure to receive the good care of Providence.'

LINES TO THERESE:

WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

An! dream not, thou loved one, the heart of this breast
Can forget in the far East the smiles of the West,
For the Hindoo may sing and look languishing too,
But her lip and her love may not tempt me from you;
Though with lotus and lily she speak to my heart,
And with rose-bud and tulip her meaning impart,
Can I ever forget these soft moments of ours
For her song and her sigh and her language of flowers?

Our Spring Birds.

THE BLACK-BIRD.

I LOVE to hear,
Bold plunderer! the mellow burst of song
Float from thy watch-place on the mossy tree
Close at the corn-field's edge.

I.

ALTHOUGH a thousand strings in Nature's lyre
Melodious welcome give to beauteous May,
Yon black-bird, perched upon the poplar's spire,
Pours forth the blithest tributary lay.

II.

His merry chant recalls my youthful years,
And makes the mirror of remembrance bright,
While sweet home-voices, sounding in mine ears,
Bring back familiar forms to life and light.

III.

That wild exulting warble tells that Spring
No more with Winter holds divided reign,
And airy sylphs, her agents on the wing,
Are dropping blossoms on the sunny plain.

IV.

His chosen mate, is darting to and fro,
In search of hairy lining for her nest;
Both wear the dark habiliments of wo,
But in their hearts is happiness a guest.

V.

Lo! other colors from a ground of jet,
The light brings out on back and folded wings;
The blue of ocean, green and violet,
Commingle while the glad musician sings.

VI.

My ear, alive in boyhood to each note
In Spring's delightful concert, heard no sound
Like anthem gushing from the Black-Bird's throat,
To banish gloom and make the pulses bound.

VII.

His cheerful whistle, at the break of morn
Sent through my youthful veins a merry thrill,
While watching by the newly-planted corn,
With gun in hand, the plunderer to kill.

VIII.

Ah! deeds committed by the wayward boy
 Are oft regretted in a thoughtful hour :
 The song that charmed, electrical with joy,
 Saved not its author from the leaden shower.

IX.

Well by the poor marauding bird were earned
 A few plump kernels of the golden grain ;
 Hopping in furrows, by the ploughman turned,
 With piercing beak the grub-worm he had slain.

X.

The Bobolink excels him with a song
 That mocks the modulations of a flute ;
 To Robin, Thrush, and Meadow-Lark belong
 Far sweeter notes young May-time to salute :

XI.

But when wild-flowers make gay the forest-floor,
 And garbs of lively green the meadows wear.
 The Rural Muse would grieve to hear no more
 His voice afloat upon the vernal air.

W. H. C. H.

THE EARL OF CHATHAM.*

BY T. ROMEYN BECK.

THERE have been two persons who have borne the title of 'Earl of Chatham;' but no one will mistake as to whom it is applied. And yet high as is the fame implied in such a distinction, and memorable as is the history of this great man, yet succeeding events of overwhelming magnitude have thrown a dimness and a shade of forgetfulness over the incidents of his varied existence. An event so vast and overwhelming to Great Britain, so important in its bearings on the destinies of the human race, as the successful issue of the American Revolution, marked indeed his closing days; but what mighty occurrences have not been witnessed since! Although scarcely seventy years have elapsed since his remains were interred, with a nation's honors and amidst a nation's tears, yet what convulsions have not the men of the present day witnessed! All Europe in arms; the institutions of every civilized nation placed in jeopardy; kingdoms crushed with a blow; thrones of a thousand years subverted, and their incumbents driven into obscurity; and in the room of all this, power usurped by men who, although like the elder Pitt, they now also repose in dumb forgetfulness, have filled the world with the vastness and the renown of their exploits.

* REVISED from an address delivered before the 'Young Men's Association' of the city of Albany

It cannot therefore be out of place to recall the history of a life, the leading incidents of which are closely interwoven with the narrative of our early colonial struggles, and whose fame indeed is part of our inheritance as once belonging to the British Empire. Praise enough that Chatham's language is our mother tongue, and Wolfe's great name compatriot with our own.

The great talents of Lord Chatham, and his high rank as an orator and a statesman, have been the theme of kindred talent. To whom is not the brilliant sketch of Grattan, commencing with 'The secretary stood alone; modern degeneracy had not reached him,' familiar like household words? And this, perhaps, the most masterly example in our language of antitheses employed in praise of its object, since satire commonly uses it as its most effective weapon. The historian and the essayist too, no matter of what nation, have expended their highest powers of rhetoric on the same theme. I must not even appear to aim at following in so brilliant a track, since I can only expect disappointment. A plain and brief narrative will best suit the occasion.

William Pitt was born in London in 1708, the younger son of a gentleman of fortune and high connexions. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, and imbued with the classical knowledge for which those great schools are still so famous. This indeed he continued to cultivate through all the varied changes of his life. It appears in his printed correspondence and in his public efforts, illustrating and adorning his native and vigorous Saxon. His father died, and left him the scanty inheritance which usually falls to a younger child. He quitted Oxford without taking a degree, spent some time in travelling on the Continent, and entered the army shortly after his return. In 1735 he obtained, through the interest of his friends, a seat in parliament for Old Sarum, one of those 'rotten boroughs' which the recent Reform Bill has swept away. Uninhabited by a single voter, its patronage was of course at the disposal of the owner of the soil.

Sir Robert Walpole was at this time the Prime Minister. After a long, successful and peaceful career, he was verging to his downfall. Mr. Pitt attached himself to the opposition, and soon evinced his extraordinary talents in debate. In no other country, not even excepting our own, is there a surer or readier passport to office and renown than this. He became formidable to the ministry, was reproached on the floor of the house for his youthful audacity, and made in reply that memorable speech on the atrocious crime of being a young man, which is familiar to all of you. It matters little whether, as is now well understood, this speech owes much of its polish, and possibly somewhat of its vigor, to the pen of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who composed the debates in parliament from notes taken by persons admitted through favor, as there were no reporters in those days. The *substance* of that startling invective must have been delivered, and the impression it made was shown in the dismissal of Pitt from the army. For this injury, however, the sufferer received an ample recompense in the increased estimation of the public.

It was unpropitious to his early rise to power, although creditable to his political integrity, that he opposed the private and cherished views

of the English monarch. George Second was attached to his paternal inheritance of Hanover with a warmth that led him to consider the interests of England as in some degree secondary to its welfare. Mr. Pitt opposed this degrading partiality, and frowned at the subsidiary policy which had been for years the weak point of the English government. But this opposition proved for a long time a barrier to his promotion, although this was equally desired by the ministry and the people. He was not as yet permitted to enter in the councils of his sovereign, but held the subordinate station of Paymaster-General. In this capacity he showed a superiority to pecuniary corruption by foregoing the profit which it had been usual to derive from the large balance retained in that officer's hands, and by rejecting other lucrative perquisites. Nor was this honesty unappreciated by the English nation.

It was not until after multiplied disasters abroad, and ministerial disorders and interregnums within, that the king could be induced to place him at the head of public affairs; nor until the nation in its full majesty demanded him as its ruler.

He ascended indeed to power at a critical conjuncture. War was actually existing between France and England, and the threatening posture of the former had infused terror into the minds of his predecessors in office. Minorca was lost; a horde of foreign mercenaries had been received into the country to defend her soil from the *feint* of invasion; her fleet was rotting in ordinary; her army, in most instances, relaxed in discipline, and her government swayed by weak, ignorant and timid councils.

But by the commanding talents and wise deportment of the Prime Minister he early conciliated the personal attachment of the monarch, and succeeded in turning even his German partialities to the benefit of the kingdom; by his activity in the cabinet he frustrated the views of France of an alliance with Spain; and by his masterly and decisive energy he greatly assisted Frederick of Prussia in his struggle with Germany. At home every department felt his genius. One of his first acts was to raise several regiments from among the Scotch Highlanders, a race of men who a few years previous had been most dangerous enemies of the House of Hanover. After several violent insurrections their power was at length dissipated on the plains of Culloden, and their bravery fell a sacrifice to military tactics; but the hatred produced by subsequent civilities was sufficient at any time to rouse these indignant spirits, if called upon by a popular leader. Pitt saw the danger, and admiring their lofty traits of character, projected and carried into execution the hazardous plan of taking these men into the regular service. At a subsequent period he addressed the House of Commons, in language that proved how important he had considered this attempt. 'I sought for merit,' said he, 'wherever it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who looked for it, and I found it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth and drew it into your service, a hardy and intrepid race of men; men who, when left by your jealousy, became a prey to the artifices of your enemies, and had gone nigh to have overturned the state in the war before the last. These men in the last war were brought to combat on your side;

they served with fidelity, as they fought with valor, and conquered for you in every quarter of the globe.'

He countenanced no imbecility or delay. Lord Anson, First Lord of the Admiralty, was informed that if his orders were not executed within a given time, he should be impeached. Sir John Mordaunt was arrested for his indolence in the Rochfort expedition. Wherever pusillanimity or incapacity discovered itself, it was censured, and its place was supplied with genius and courage. Under this administration the talents of Wolfe, of Clive, and of Hawke, were developed.

The first of these names deserves a brief episode. On this continent he earned his reputation, and here he found his honored grave. Having served with distinction in a subordinate capacity under Lord Amherst at the siege of Louisbourg, he returned, although a young man, with a broken constitution, the only son of a widowed mother. His merits became known to Mr. Pitt. 'Ambition,' says Horace Walpole, 'ambition, industry, passion for the service, were conspicuous in him. He seemed to breathe for nothing but fame, and lost no moment in qualifying himself to compass his objects. He was formed to execute the designs of such a master as Pitt.'

In a few days after his arrival in London he was promoted to the rank of Major-General, and placed at the head of the forces destined to act against Quebec. With the history of that expedition you are familiar, its exceeding difficulties and its brilliant termination; but you may not probably be aware of a memorable letter addressed by Wolfe to the Prime Minister four days before his death, evincing at once his deep despondency and his ruling passion. 'I am so far recovered,' he says, 'as to do business; but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it.'

Dr. Robinson, afterward an eminent professor in the University of Edinburgh, also mentions a touching incident illustrative of his character. Robinson belonged to the expedition, and happened to be on duty in the boat in which Wolfe visited some of his posts, the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along, the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's *Elegy* (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer, who sat with him in the stern of the boat, adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer to be the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow. How soon were verified the plaints of that *Elegy*:

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

But to return to our immediate subject. With such men, and such a guiding spirit as Pitt, the British arms were successful in every quarter of the globe. In the language of Judge Marshall: 'It was not in America only that the vigor presiding in the British councils surrounded with military glory the British arms. In Asia and Africa splendid

conquests were also achieved; and in Europe her aids of men and money enabled the greatest monarch of his age to surmount difficulties which only Frederick the Great and Mr. Pitt could have dared to encounter.'

It was renown sufficient in itself to be selected by such a man for responsible stations; and if a nation's plaudits are subjects of honorable ambition, they cannot be too highly prized when expressed in the language of one whose praise was in itself a eulogy. Lord Clive, one of the founders of the British Empire in India, he styled the heaven-born general, who with but little experience surpassed all the officers of his time; and Sir William Draper, the conqueror of the Manillas, whose reputation had been assailed by their former owners, 'a gentleman whose noble spirit would do honor to the proudest grandee of Spain.'

The popularity of a minister with these requisites for commanding it must have been great, and accordingly we find that he was the idol of the English nation. Even in ordinary life, he who is endowed with an active mind, whose decisions are made with such rapidity as to show perfect confidence in his means, is observed with admiration, and with the multitude, if occasion offers, is sure to be popular. How much more is he to be esteemed who infused that vigor and energy throughout every department, who animated every deserving object by his applause, and wielded at will the free minds of millions! So renowned indeed were Lord Chatham's talents at this period, that opposition was paralyzed, and success abroad was anticipated as the certain consequence of an attempt.

'In three years,' says one of his biographers, 'he raised England from depression and despondency into a situation to give laws to Europe.' But a change was soon to come over this bright picture. George the Second died suddenly, and was succeeded by his grandson, the third George. With him a new favorite, the Earl of Bute, rose into place. We now begin to understand, by the publication of the secret memoirs of those times, that this young sovereign had been early instructed by his mother to yield as little power as possible to his ministers, and to govern for himself. The history of the numerous administrations during his reign, as it is now constantly coming to light, clearly show that he profited by these lessons, and acted in their full spirit. He was emphatically the man who protracted the war of our Revolution; who was averse to any compromise; and who only yielded when he could obtain no further support. He was the master spirit who infused vigor in the war against France, to the declaration of which, remarkable as it may now appear, it is still well understood that the younger Pitt, then the Prime Minister, was opposed. He in fine it was who refused at every hazard to grant emancipation, or rather civil privileges, to the Catholics, and dismissed ministry after ministry for attempting it.

It was quite natural that such a monarch, so educated and so surrounded by men willing to minister to all his views of regal power, should early view with jealousy the acts of his 'impracticable' secretary of state. Pitt remained indeed for a short time at the head of the ad-

ministration, but he soon found that his councils had ceased to be the mainspring of government.

Unfortunately for the king and his favorite, the subject selected for displaying the difference in opinion was one that in the end proved the masterly foresight of the proscribed statesman. Spain had been discontented with England for a length of time, and no efforts on the part of Pitt seemed sufficient to conciliate her. Under the cloak of peace she was negotiating with France, and arming for an approaching contest. In the Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham, that has been recently published, it clearly appears that the Spanish ministers calculated on the dissensions in the English cabinet as a screen to their ulterior views. Pitt saw through all this deceit; he entertained no doubt that they looked to war, and he therefore urged the necessity of anticipating them, so as to strike the first blow. His relative, Lord Temple, stood alone with him in the cabinet. He resigned, to use his own words, in order not to remain responsible for measures which he was no longer allowed to guide. The king in a succeeding interview treated him with great courtesy, but apprised him of his entire concurrence with the majority of the cabinet. Not many months elapsed before the new ministers found it absolutely necessary to declare war against Spain.

In his retirement every attempt was made to conciliate Mr. Pitt. A pension was bestowed, and his wife was ennobled. And again, within a few months, overtures were made for his return to place, but their sincerity may well be doubted. At all events, the king had so many personal friends, whom he desired rather to retain in office, and on whom he wished to bestow it, that it was scarcely possible to form a united administration out of the remaining vacancies.

It was not a bed of roses to those who now feebly guided the destinies of England. Indeed, it may be questioned, whether such events as I am now to mention could have happened except under so feeble and headstrong a ministry.

John Wilkes, a gay, licentious libertine, with preat convivial powers and respectable talents, was determined to raise himself into notice on the wreck of a dissipated fortune. Being a member of parliament, his situation was favorable in forwarding his views. No man can read his life, or even attend to his own declarations, without believing him to have been thoroughly unprincipled. He chose a point of attack, in which the ministry through their unpopularity were most vulnerable. The Earl of Bute, and through him the Scotch nation, were the subjects of satire and ridicule. Instead of disregarding his flippan remarks, and considering the press, like the air, a chartered libertine, it was determined to level the whole weight of executive vengeance on him, whose censures on the one hand were but echoes of former ones, and on the other, too harmless to deserve the compliment of a notice. Mr. Wilkes was seized, his papers searched through the agency of a general warrant. Publications offensive to decency were discovered. Instead of pursuing the course that would have inevitably sunk him in disgrace, the ministry adopted one, which struck at the root of English liberty, and identified his safety with that of the constitution.

Lord Chatham publicly and privately declaring his detestation of the man, boldly came forward and advocated his cause, and by his efforts succeeded in calling the attention of the country, to the breach that courtly revenge was inflicting on its rights. The surrender of the privilege of parliaments and the illegality of general warrants were the themes in which he displayed anew his powers, and in conjunction with his ancient and firm friend Lord Camden, he succeeded in lessening the frequency of the first and determining the injustice of the last. In one of his speeches, on the House of Commons having refused Mr. Wilkes a seat as representative for the county of Middlesex, he observed, 'that to the ministry it was entirely owing that Mr. Wilkes had become a person of consequence in the state. They first made him representative for Middlesex and then alderman of London. Now they seem determined to make him sheriff, and in due course, Lord Mayor.' He introduced a most caustic remark on Lord Mansfield, his opponent in the debate.

Lord Chatham, (says the Reporters,) quoted Lord Somers, and Chief Justice Holt, in support of this law, and drew their characters very finely. He called them honest men, who knew and loved the English constitution. Then turning to Lord Mansfield, he said, I vow to God, I think the noble lord equals them *both* in abilities.

Toward the conclusion, he complained of the motion (which was that the House of Lords had no right to interfere with the proceedings of the Commons) being sudden and made at midnight, and pressed an adjournment of only two days. He said among other things, if the constitution must be wounded, let it not receive its mortal stab at this dark and midnight hour, when honest men are asleep in their beds and when only felons and assassins are seeking for their prey.

To these exciting internal broils, succeeded the grand drama of American taxation. To this scheme for raising a revenue in America he was very strongly opposed. He early predicted the consequences that must ensue from persisting in it. Illness prevented his attendance when it was first brought forward, but in his speech on the meeting of parliament in January, 1766, after tidings of the disturbances in America had been received, he declared his opinion in the most vehement terms. He said it is a long time since I have attended in parliament. When the resolution was taken in the House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried there, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind friend to have laid me down on the floor, to have borne my testimony against it. He avowed his opinion that England had no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time he asserted that her authority over them was sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. He recommended that the Stamp Act should be repealed absolutely and immediately; but that the repeal should be accompanied with an assertion of the sovereign power of the country over the colonies in every point, except that of taking their money without their consent.

These declarations coincided with the policy of the Marquis of Rockingham, who had been summoned by the King to form an administra-

tion, and who without any fault on his side, was involved in all the difficulties and dangers which resulted from George Grenville's ill-judged scheme for taxing America. Mr. Pitt was applied to, to take office, but he declined, and within a year the government fell to pieces, and he was again desired to form a ministry, of which he was to be the head. The history of this is the most inglorious part of his life. His accession to office was signalized by a violent quarrel with his relative and intimate political associate, Lord Temple. He himself threw aside the appellation in which the nation had formerly gloried that of the 'Great Commoner,' and he became a peer under the title of the Earl of Chatham. The members of government were almost strangers to each other, of discordant views and of slender talents. He himself, was almost constantly the victim of hereditary gout, and there is indeed some intimation that its severity occasionally affected his mind. At all events, absence from the seat of power, want of intercourse with his associates and probably an inward feeling that he had in a degree lost the confidence of the people of England, seem to have rendered his measures weak and fluctuating. He resigned in 1768, and not long after, Lord North succeeded in completing his memorable administration; especially so, in its connexion with the history of our country, as with it began their attempts to raise a revenue in America. Repose appears to have wrought a favorable change in his health, and he again appeared in the House of Lords as its decided opponent; he warned the house against the fatal tendency of their attempts.

For a number of years however, (from 1771 to 1777) the shattered state of his health prevented him from often taking any part in public affairs, and from his private correspondence it appears that he was greatly engaged in developing the talents of his son, the younger William Pitt. In May, 1777, he came down to the house swathed in flannel, to move an address, imploring the king to take the most speedy and effectual measures for putting a stop to the hostilities in America, by removing the accumulated grievances of that country, and predicted with his usual energy and eloquence, the certain results of the conduct that ministers were pursuing. 'You may ravage, you cannot conquer; it is impossible, you cannot conquer the Americans. You talk of your numerous friends to annihilate the congress, and of your powerful forces to disperse their army. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch. I am experienced in spring hopes and vernal promises; I know what ministers throw out, but at last will come your equinoctial disappointment. You have got nothing in America but stations; you have been three years teaching them the art of war; they are apt scholars, and I will venture to tell your lordships that the American gentry will make officers enough fit to command the troops of all the European powers. What you have sent there are too many to make peace; too few to make war. If you conquer them, what then? You cannot make them respect you; you cannot make them wear your cloth; you will plant an invincible hatred in their breasts against you. Coming from the stock they do, they can never respect you.'

The events of that year, the capture of Philadelphia and the surren-

der of Burgoyne, fully justified his predictions. These events had not been announced in England when parliament again met, but in the debate on the address, he again raised his prophetic voice: 'I love and honor the English troops; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities, and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility.'

But it is unnecessary to continue quotations. It is a part of our education to become familiar with these great efforts, and I presume there is no young man present whose heart has not warmed in their perusal.

The closing scene of the public life of Lord Chatham is one of the most memorable in parliamentary annals. Lord North had a short time previous announced the resolution of government to yield every point in question to this country, except its mere nominal independence of the crown. To this, little opposition was offered; it probably was the line of conduct which Lord Chatham at this late hour would have advised. But we had already conquered independence and insisted on a formal acknowledgment of it, and here the two great sections of the opposition divided. The one, regarded such an acknowledgment as a prelude to the total ruin and degradation of the country. The other, held that it was impossible to avoid it at last, and earnestly desired since the colonists could not be retained as subjects, to secure their alliance and not to drive them into the arms of France. The Duke of Richmond moved an address embodying these views on the seventh of April. An eye witness has given us the details.

'Lord Chatham,' says he, 'came into the House of Lords leaning on two friends, wrapped up in flannel, pale and emaciated, looking like a dying man; yet never was seen a figure of more dignity. He appeared like a being of superior species. He rose from his seat with slowness and difficulty, leaning upon his crutches, and supported under each arm by his two friends. He took one hand from his crutch, and raised it, casting his eyes toward heaven, and said: 'I thank God that I have been enabled to come here this day, to perform my duty and to speak on a subject which has so deeply impressed my mind. I am old and infirm, and have one foot—more than one foot—in the grave. I have risen from my bed to stand up in the cause of my country; perhaps never again to speak in this House.'

'The reverence, the attention, the stillness of the House was most affecting. At first he spoke in a very low and feeble tone; but as he grew warm, his voice rose, and was as harmonious as ever; oratorical and affecting, perhaps more so than at any former period. He gave the whole history of the American war, of all the measures to which he had objected, and of all the evils which he had prophesied in consequence of them, adding at the end of each: '*And so it proved!*' He concluded by expressing his indignation at the idea which he understood had gone forth, of yielding up the sovereignty of America. 'My lords,' continued he, 'I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me; that I am still alive to lift my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy.'

'To the Duke of Richmond's reply he listened with attention and composure. He then rose again, but his strength failed, and he fell

back in convulsions into the arms of the peers who surrounded him. He was removed to his country-seat, and died there after a few weeks. I need scarcely add that a pension was attached to the title, and that his remains were honored with a public funeral, and a monument in that receptacle of the ashes of great men, Westminster Abbey.

Such was the life and death of a true patriot ; of one who, endowed with more than the ordinary aspirations of ambition, asked only that his fame should be mingled with the renown of his country. That he succeeded in this is not surprising when we become better acquainted with his private life. Of spotless integrity, of the utmost purity of morals, affectionate to his family, agreeable and lovely as a friend, but stern in his hatred to fraud and misrule, he was at once the man around whom the Saxon mind and spirit love to rally. Oh ! for more such statesmen in their private walks of life ! for more such patriots, who for a time at least can forget party !

The Correspondence of Lord Chatham, to which I have already alluded, and which was published in 1840, but above all, his letters to his nephew Thomas Pitt, when at college, are monuments as graceful to his private character as the history of his country is to his public one. Of the last an eminent Edinburgh reviewer thus speaks : ‘ We discover in every line of these interesting relics features of a mind as lovely, as we know from other sources that it was powerful and accomplished. We discover unerring proof that Lord Chatham was as amiable in the private relations of life as the annals of the old and the new world proclaim him to have been transcendantly great in the management of public affairs. We are constantly delighted with traits of a union extremely rare in the human character : of the strongest passions and grandest powers of the mind with its finer feelings and nicer principles. We meet with perpetual evidence that neither the intrigues of courts nor the contentions of popular assemblies had ever effaced from this great man’s heart those early impressions of virtue and piety with which almost all are provided at their outset, but which so few are enabled to preserve even from the dangers and seductions of an obscure fortune.’

Here then the Secretary no longer stands alone. It may not be granted to any among my young readers to guide, like him, states and nations ; it may not happen that in imitating his example they may command the applause of listening senates, and read their history in a nation’s eye ; but all, all can pursue the course of virtue of which he was so bright an example.

PHRENOLOGY.

Philosophy made easy ! now the dull
Mysteries no more in mental science find ;
Fingers can handle spirit ; and the skull,
Well marked and ticketed, may pass for mind.
Thou hast a noble cranium ; what remains
To make thee a great genius ? — only brains.

E. A. W.

R E N E W E D A F F E C T I O N .

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

So we have met once more ; and strange to tell,
 I saw the old love in thine eyes to-day ;
 I marked the stifled sigh, the silent swell
 Of that proud heart, where memory hath sway ;
 I saw the fond and deeply-searching look
 That dwelt upon my brow in days of yore,
 Scanning my thought as in an open book ;
 Grieving to find there written nothing more
 Than calm cold friendship and sincere esteem,
 Where thou wouldst fain have read the deeper lore
 Of love for love. Did not thine early dream
 Vanish to-day at the cold touch of years,
 That on my once bright cheek and lip have laid,
 The trace indelible of care and tears ?

II.

And thou hast wandered far and wide alone
 Since last we met beneath these whispering trees :
 I seem to hear thy haunting farewell tone,
 Thy sad ' God bless thee ! ' lingering on the breeze ;
 Thou didst go forth to cherish warmly yet
 The hopeless anguish of thy slighted breast,
 While I believed that thou wouldst soon forget,
 And find in new affection peace and rest :
 Alas for thee ! thou art not given to change,
 And once adoring, wilt thou love till death ?
 Oh, in this cold dark world 't is passing strange
 That aught so precious as affection's breath,
 Deep, pure and holy, of man's life a part,
 Should e'er be lavished on a thankless heart !

III.

Love me no more ! I do not need thy love,
 Save that calm measure that beseems a friend :
 Home to its nest, like yonder fluttering dove,
 My heart is hastening. There my wishes end :
 Dear eyes await me there, whose depths of blue
 Beam with the gathered sympathy of years ;
 A manly heart, whose throbs are warm and true,
 In days of joy or the dark night of tears :
 Wake from the dream that binds thee like a spell ;
 Wake to the future that is drawing near ;
 Gather thy false hopes ; toll no funeral knell
 When the last lingerer lies upon the bier ;
 Bury them deeply ; o'er their silent tomb
 New hopes shall cluster, new affections bloom.

' NELL.'

May 26th, 1850.

VOL. XXXVI.

A L E A F O F L I F E .

BY WILLIAM B. GLAZIER.

THE pool wherein my line was dropped, and the upland on either side, were gloomy and dark beneath a cloud, while behind me the fields through which I had sauntered, and the stream upon whose sandy banks my footsteps were yet sharply defined, weltered in waves of sunlight. I could not but think, with a melancholy pleasure, how like to this scene my life had been; how, from the sadness and weariness of existence, I had often looked back to scenes through which I had passed, that lay calmly and lovingly in the light of remembered happiness.

Why is it, when our feet are upon the borders of Life's fairy land, and our lips are just about to taste the cup that is filled for us but once, that no unseen guardian tells us to tread slowly across the narrow space, and to waste not a drop in the shallow goblet? Else, in that dear time, I had not trampled with heedless step upon many a flower of tearful tenderness; I had not so hastily drank that magical draught; and the sweetness of the odor and the thrill of the libation had been fresher in my mind to-day.

Yet, while I thus mused, the cloud crept up the stream and along the fields. It seemed as if the light pursued the shadow with relentless hostility, driving it onward, onward, until its dusky banner was torn and rent amid the distant forest of pines. So the cloud fled from my heart, pursued by a name that trembled on my lips, and a memory that aroused itself in my heart; and the name and memory, Mary Linley, were yours.

Oh, how, as I write, the army of ancient remembrances marches down the valley of the past, and encamps before my heart, beleaguering and besieging it! And eyes look kindly upon me, and hands put softly back the hair from my forehead, though both, alas! sleep in the grave to-day.

I had gone to my uncle's to pass a college vacation. Those were days in which I date the birth of many new sensations, many gorgeous hopes. There are few men whose hearts are so cold that the remembrance of that golden age of life will not warm into transient life. To me it seems too full of delight ever to have been real. Until the season of which I write I had but rarely been thrown into the society of women. The wild and buoyant associates of my college-life had hitherto supplied all craving for companionship. The charm attendant upon familiar acquaintance and frequent intimacy with women of refinement, of elegance and truth, was to a great degree unknown to me. I had no sisters, and my earlier life had been passed at school; so that, although I was fully eighteen, I blushed like a boy at the tone of woman's voice addressed to me, and my eye sank beneath the ray that quivered and glowed in hers. My words, which among my college

friends had been loudest and boldest, were hushed into silence, or uttered with stammering awkwardness in the presence of the most timid girl. Woman was to me a planet, whose orbit mine might never cross. I invested her with unreal attributes and a visionary nature. I adored at a distance the image before whose shrine I did not dare to prostrate myself. Her delicate beauty and tenderness of form seemed to me unfitted for contact with the coarser and less ethereal sex. When I was in her society I admired as well as was awed, but found no language wherein to express either feeling.

I dare say that many a man, in whom to-day the presence of the most beautiful, most gifted, most haughty lady of the land would only excite his most confident and successful endeavors to fascinate and charm, whose life has been a round of ever-shifting acquaintance, or perhaps a succession of passionate romances with the fairest and loveliest of earth, can recall the time when his cheek grew as crimson at the glance or voice of woman as, it may be, hers did to whom he last spoke the words of devoted and deathless love.

It was late at night when I reached my uncle's residence. I had not visited him for years, and only did so at this time at the invitation of his son, who was to pass some time at home, having just returned from abroad. John Guernsey, my cousin, was half a dozen years older than I. I remembered him as he looked years ago, when we played together at my father's; a bold, dark-eyed boy, with a complexion of the clearest olive. I remembered how I followed him, though timidly, in his daring and active sports. I remembered how we parted, he to go to the East, where his father had procured for him a situation in a large mercantile house, and I to go to school. I remembered my grief (it was my first) as he laughed at my tears at our parting, though I thought I saw his own eye dimmed. Since then we had met but once; and now, two or three months after his return, he had written me, in the same frank, hearty style, that characterized his boyhood, 'to come and see him, and to be boys together once more.'

My uncle had gone to bed, but my cousin was sitting up awaiting me. At his first warm, loving tone of greeting, I felt the years that had intervened since our boyish days melt away, and the true honest love of boyhood was felt in the grasp of our hands.

We sat down together in the old parlor. Then it was that I first saw how much he had changed in form and face. The sun of the East had made his skin more swarthy, and the fire of his eye was tenfold more brilliant and piercing than I had known it before. Yet the tone of his voice, and the ringing truth of his laugh, smote with old-time familiarity at the doors of my memory.

'Hugh,' said he at last, after the chimes of 'lang syne' had been rung again and again, 'you've not seen much of the world, I think, since I left you.'

'Yes, indeed, this is my third year of college.'

'College — what idea of life can that give you? Have you ever, after tossing for months upon the sea, found yourself thousands of miles from home in a strange land, amid strange faces and strange tongues? Did you ever feel that it was your own arm alone that must guard you,

and your own quick thought that must find the path of success? Did you ever look in eyes that blazed beneath another sky than this, and read the book of woman's heart in different languages, and find that the sense was always the same.'

He smiled meaningly as he said it, and it was with some confusion that I answered: 'I don't know much about women; for you know, John, I never met many.'

'What,' said he, 'have n't you got any love-secrets to tell me? Is there not the image of some dear girl nestling close to your heart now?'

I indignantly repelled the charge which implied, as I thought, so much weakness, and assured him that I considered such avowals quite inconsistent with manhood.

'No, John,' said I; 'all this reads very well in novels, and that sort of thing, but it won't do, you know——.' I paused, for I saw him laugh again.

'Never mind, Hugh, Mary will tell you you are a fool.'

'Mary!' exclaimed I; 'what Mary?'

'Oh,' replied John, 'I did n't tell you that my father is guardian to the daughter of his old friend Linley? Mary was left an orphan at her father's decease, and Mr. Guernsey has adopted her. She has been here ever since I have been at home.'

If any thought came into my mind, it was one of dissatisfaction, for I thought that her presence would interfere with the execution of the various schemes of diversion and joviality which I had laid out to accomplish with John. So I only said: 'How old is she?'

'About as old as you, you anchorite, and with twice your knowledge, if you are a book-worm.' I puffed my cigar with an assumption of stoical indifference, and said that all Marys were alike, I supposed.

'Of course they are,' said John, 'if you, who know woman so well, say so.' I felt that he was secretly laughing at me, and resolved that my indifference to Miss Linley should show him that I was not the unskilled boy he took me to be.

We spoke no longer of Mary, but in a short time parted for the night, with a fervent 'God bless you!' on our lips and the love of boyhood warm in our hearts. Yes, John, I seem to see you now, as you stood at my chamber-door, smiling kindly on me as you bade me good night; and I thank God that I did not forget the honest affection of that smile in an hour when evil passions would have made me curse you.

I met my uncle the next morning before breakfast. He was a mild, quiet-looking man, and my heart warmed toward him, for his features were those of my mother. John joined us soon with a fresh, frank 'Good morning,' and we soon were busy in speaking of those who were dear to us all. I remember distinctly to-day in what part of the breakfast-room I sat; how the delicious odor of honeysuckle came in at the open window; how the nameless influence of the summer's morning stole into my heart and softened it.

We were waiting for Miss Linley. The door opened. I was looking out of the window, and did not turn round for a moment or too. As I did so, I heard John say: 'Mary, this is my cousin, Hugh Hatton.'

I think that there must be moments in men's lives when they are controlled by a power instantaneous and irresistible; when by some strange chemistry the whole nature of the heart is changed in a single interval of its throbs; when a new passion is given to them, the origin of which is too mysterious to be solved. For before I turned from the window I had never supposed myself capable of loving at all; and before John had finished his few words of introduction, the passion of a life-time had been condensed and crowded into my heart. Yes, I loved that girl as intensely when the last syllable of my name died upon John's lip as I ever did thereafter; and how earnest, how burning that love has been I know, but cannot tell! I hardly know now what I said. If my speech was confused and hesitating, they ascribed it only to bashfulness and timidity, and took no farther notice of it. At the table their conversation was animated and lively, and I had ample opportunity of gathering into my heart's treasury her every feature, glance and word.

As I recall her now, now when the experience and lessons of life have left their marks upon my soul, I do not think it could have been her beauty solely that caused such a sudden growth of love. No, it must have been some unexplained sympathy, some unappreciated affinity, that awoke and unveiled the slumbering passion of my soul. She might have been base-born, rude, unrefined, for aught I knew, and yet a single glance unsealed the fountain whose flow has cut a channel in my heart that is deep, though dry to-day.

I shut my eyes now, and I see her as she looked then. Not very tall, but with a form wherein every womanly grace was swelling in its most eloquent expression. Her hair was brown, (how often I foolishly fancied that the hue of mine was like that of hers!) and put back in plain folds each side her cheek; her eyes I thought at first were blue, but really were of that hazel that changes with every rising thought; but when at rest they wore a mournful, tender look that seemed to fathom the depths of my soul. Her face was oval, the mouth small, and the parting of the rich red lips disclosed the transparent and regular teeth. I remember as I gazed on her, that I thought of a picture of the Madonna I had seen when but a child. And thenceforth she to my heart was its Madonna.

That forenoon John rode to the neighboring village for letters and papers. My uncle was reading in the library, and I was left with her alone. I think that she noticed my awkward manner and incoherent conversation, for, with woman's true tact, she strove to make me feel at my ease. She spoke of every thing which I might be supposed to be interested in, which might be familiar to me, of my studies, of my college life, of my uncle, of my future purposes. And when her kind intentions seemed to be baffled by the strange manner, and repelling mien with which my madly-beating heart induced me, she said with a smile that she supposed I liked music, at any rate she would try to teach me to, and so sat at the piano to sing.

Has the echo of that song ever died; will it ever die? Is it not burning in my brain; is it not ringing in the room to-night. Never before had every fibre of my heart so thrilled, never before had the coldness

and falsehood of my nature been fused by harmony. I inhaled as it were every note ; I prolonged with inward response every cadence. I thought that the summit of earthly fame was to have written ' Mary of Argyle ; ' the acmé of earthly happiness, to have heard as I did, Mary Linley sing it. When the last strain ceased I felt as if some portion of my very being had annihilated and stricken forever away.

When John returned, he asked Mary if she had not found me poor company ?

' No indeed,' she replied, laughing, ' Mr. Hatton is the best of companions. He is n't so vain as you, you who want to say and do every thing yourself.'

' Ah !' replied my cousin, ' you do n't know Hugh. He is artful and this very modesty and silence is the key-note of his tactics. While he is hanging on your words, and dwelling on your glances, he is in fact studying the best access to your heart. So, take care, Mary.'

I could have struck him, though I knew that he was but jesting ; though I felt she knew it too, yet I could not bear that she should ever be told, even in jest, that I had wasted a thought, a word, a look on any woman in the wide world but her.

Day after day passed. Though I was in her company constantly, I always was absorbed with but one thought, that of concealing from her the love that was crushing my heart to death. I suppose that at times I must have seemed even morose and unkind in my endeavors to hide a passion as hopeless as it was absorbing. For she seemed so much above me, so far beyond my reach, so infinitely superior to my highest deservings, that I sometimes wondered that I dared even to love her in secret. But though that stifled passion ate into my very heart-strings, I thank God that no moan or complaint of mine ever told my pain ; that my fear repressed the utterance of my love.

I noticed that her manner with me was different from what it was with John. With me she was always gay, lively ; smiling at my shyness, laughing at my abrupt and unkind words, (oh, how bitterly they belied my heart !) She was always ready to sing to me, always ready to walk or ride with me ; and if I showed any rude disinclination to either, though at the time I would be dying to consent, she would compel me to yield to her will by a charming assumption of authority.

But with my cousin she seemed entirely changed. She rarely if ever sought his side ; her eyes were never fixed fully upon his, and her conversation with him, even upon the most trivial subjects, seemed constrained and suppressed. If he entered the room when she was alone, she would soon leave it, and in all our walks and drives she always seemed to choose my companionship rather than his.

Let not the man who is deeply skilled in the mysteries of woman's heart, sneer at me because I only judged of things as they seemed. I had not been taught the lesson, that the noble delicacy of woman's love trembles at any act which might be evincive of her partiality until the words which she longs, yet almost fears to hear, steal from the lips of the loved one : until from the strength of manhood's passion are wrought out the syllables that burn like fire into her heart and memory, ' I love you.'

So our days went by. I was gradually losing my constraint, and found in my daily intimacy with her a charm that aroused new and undreamed of powers. I no longer blushed when she spoke to me, I no longer avoided her glance, but would sit gazing into her eyes with such earnestness and devotion, that I wonder my secret was not revealed to her. I loved to hear her speak, and God only knows what gorgeous dreams of future happiness entranced me as I listened, spell-bound, hour after hour, to her words. But chiefly, I loved to hear her sing. I would stand by the piano in those sweet summer evenings, while the stars went up one by one into their places, and listen with hushed pulse and tearful eyes as she uttered those sounds, that seem even now in the stillness of night echoing from heaven, to float from angel-lips down, down through the illimitable ether into my ear. Oh! seasons of voiceless delight, do you never return? Is there no melody left for me on earth, that can revive you? Are the voices of sweet singers and the chiming of liquid and lulling strains, forever to fall coldly on my ear after that epoch of song?

I remember now, how as she would sing some strain of passion, her voice would grow lower and fainter, and her hands pause listlessly on the keys of the instrument, and how I, looking into her eyes, could see the tears. Then came over me a strange feeling of happiness, for I thought — and I thank God for the bliss I felt in thinking so — that the song might have awakened in her bosom some answer to the silent love that was coiled, snake-like, round my heart.

But your hands, dear *Mary* hold to-night an angel's lyre, and your voice floats through the arches of heaven.

Oh! glorious visions, why did I ever awake. Why did I not die then, die in the half-formed and timid hope, that on her heart's tree, one bud of tenderness and love was blossoming for me. I am thankful now that at those moments I resisted the mighty impulse that would have made me fall at her feet and utter my broken tale of burning passion; I am thankful that she never heard the words that thronged in those moments to my lips.

Sometimes John would come softly in while she was singing, and stand silently behind her. But when she was aware of his presence, she would rise and glide from the room; and then I would feel angry that he should step within the charmed circle of my happiness, and cause the beautiful spirit whose presence was blessing me to vanish.

But for all that I was at times inclined to look upon my cousin coolly, both on this account, and because I thought he was distasteful to *Mary*, and so should be disliked by me, I loved him more and more every day. His manly heart, his unfeigned friendship, the countless exhibitions of his affection for me, the pleasing remembrances of boyhood, all conspired to link me to him with bonds that the grave has not broken and death has not decayed. And if it be given to departed spirits to revisit earth, to be at the side and read the heart of those they loved in life, you know to-night, dear John, that your memory is green and sacred in my soul.

A month had passed, a month that was to me one waking trance of fierce delight. I doubt if ever there had been a moment of it that had

been divided from her possession, sleeping or awake, in his presence or out of her sight, the seething billows of passion still beat on the sea-beach of my life, with unchanging sound, with unaltered crests. I began to indulge myself in long and solitary walks, wherein I hugged and gloated over my new-found treasure ; wherein I built up great arches for the bridge of the Future ; and the key-stone of them all was Mary Linley.

The night — I never shall, I never can forget that night — the twilight had just blended into the moonrise, and I had strolled across the fields and entered an old pine-forest that was of no great extent, and of which the trees were not so numerous as to impede one's progress. Indeed, it was pierced throughout with many paths, the work of Art as well as Nature, in which one might walk with great comfort. The delicious damp odor of the evergreens ; the perpetual sighing of the tasselled-pines, the bars of moonlight that lay across my path, heightened the ravished feeling that my thoughts had induced into a sense of delirious enjoyment and rapture.

I sat down on a fallen pine, and looked up through the tree tops into the sky. I never felt so near it as I did then. I resolved that on the morrow I would confide to Mary all the stormy thoughts that were beating fiercely at my lips for expression ; I would tell her all I had suffered, all I hoped, and I fancied that I could feel her soft arm round me, and her warm lip quivering on mine, and could hear her half-hushed, but still most intensely audible answer : ' Yours, dear Hugh, in life and death.'

I was seated out of the beaten path, from which I was separated by a thick growth of young fir-trees. The path itself was bathed in light, while the shadow of the trees fell deeply upon me ; I heard footsteps coming along the walk and resolved to sit in silence till they had passed. They stopped however directly in front of me. I caught the gleam of a female's dress through the fir openings, I was about to start forward when I heard the voice of a man in earnest conversation with her.

I solemnly declare that I had not heard a single syllable, I had not even seen the face of either, before an awful and nameless dread crept over me. What it portended I knew not, but I felt a great agony sinking, and growing intenser as it sank, into the depths of my palpitating heart. I leaned forward with strained eyes and in sickening suspense. It was my cousin and Mary. They stood sidelong to me, and the moonlight was full upon their faces. Her hands were clasped in his, and her face was upturned to his own with an expression of angelic sweetness and trusting love. He was speaking. Was each word a coal of fire, hot from the furnace, that it so scorched and burned into my soul ? Was the air that I breathed an atmosphere like that of the damned ?

' Mary, dear, you know my heart now ; you trust in my love, do n't you ?'

A smile of tenderness was the only reply.

' Darling, I have dreamed of this for years ! — of this very moment, when I should look into your eyes and see there the wealth of your heart's true love, glittering for me alone ; of this very moment, when my passion and your reply should be sealed thus.'

He stooped to kiss the lips that shrank not from him.

‘Mary, I have never known before the secret of life. My feet have wandered to many a spot, my heart has beat in many a measure, but the spot where our feet stand now is to me, to both of us, the soil of Eden, and the throbbings of our hearts are laden with the fulness of a delight that must be lent us from Heaven. Here let me rest. Beyond the haven of your love let the bark of my passion never go; there let it furl its sails and anchor forever. Thither the storm and strife of life’s under billows shall never reach; thither the sound of its tempests shall come but faintly and hushed. I am henceforth to own but one memory, one hope; the memory of to-night; the hope that God will give you to me on earth and in the grave!’

And she answered: ‘John, dear John! it was long ago I loved you; but I feared that you never would care for me, and I hoped and prayed that you might never know my love for you if your own heart was cold. I am sure I prayed so, and I prayed too that you might love me dearly; that you might —’

She said no more, for he had clasped her in his arms, and they were locked in the long, lingering, passionate embrace of love.

In the open field, with my face on the cold damp ground; in the shadow of the pine forest, clutching the grass in my agony. How I came there I never knew. There I lay, with a thousand thoughts rolling like fiery billows over my heart, and a thousand hideous shapes grinning and howling at me. In that fearful phantasmagoria of torment I could not arrest a single thought or a single shape. They rolled and whirled by in endless succession, but I felt, I knew that they were all alike. I sprang to my feet, as if to shake off with a vigorous effort these dreadful persecutors; and as I looked out in the field beyond the black, evenly-defined shadow of the pine forest, I saw them in the shapes of John and Mary walking slowly along in the moonlight. The air about them appeared of a golden hue, and their steps seemed to be on beaten silver; but I was standing in the blackness and gloom of the forest shadow, with a yet more rayless blackness and gloom upon my heart.

How long I stood there I cannot think. I have thought since, that in that fearful season all my powers of reason, reflection and memory must have been swallowed up in the fearful vortex of passion that was hissing and boiling in my heart. When its waves grew calmer, and the fiery veil was drawn from my eyes, I walked hurriedly to the house. I paused in the flower-garden before it. The blinds of the parlor windows were closed, but the casement was up, and I heard her singing. I felt that John was beside her, leaning over her shoulder, his black curls mingling with her damp, soft brown hair. I could not see this, but a thousand daggers of conviction at my heart made me feel it. Presently the song ceased, and the low, earnest tones of impassioned words come on the still night air. I should have gone frantic to have waited there one instant longer. I opened the front door softly and stole to my chamber, entered it, and locked the door.

I sat upon the side of my bed. For some time I did not think at all; the only things that filled my mind were pictures of what I had

seen and echoes of what I had heard. At last the silence and calm of my room restored me, and I endeavored to give my wild and shapeless thoughts some form; and first of all appeared, with stony, fearful, changeless, Sphinx-like gaze, the embodied conviction 'She does not love you! She will never love you!' Then arose (forgive me, John; I cannot forgive myself!) a bitter, desperate, and demoniac hatred of my cousin. May such cursed impulses and black resolves as flapped their ominous wings above my tortured spirit in that hour, never, never visit me again! I shudder when I think of them. But in the midst of the strife of my anguish, I lifted my eyes to the wall of my room, and there, hanging in the moonlight, I saw the picture of John, painted years ago, when we played together. It seemed to look upon me with a look wherein the ancient love-light was blended with a mournful chiding. It aroused the recollections of our spring time of life; it pleaded with the hearty friendship of our later days; it recalled his last 'God bless you, Hugh! Good night!'

I buried my face in the pillow and wept. Those tears were the gift of God; there flowed away with them all rancor, all malice, all loathsome revenge, and nothing, nothing was left behind but a great and deep sorrow; that they could not wash away. Are there not traces to-night where the lava and fire has been?

I arose with a calmer and a lighter heart. I thanked God that the affection of my heart for John had passed unmelting through the fiery furnace. I was thankful in being able to reflect that neither of them suspected the secret of my heart, and that their love might never be embittered by the thought of the hopelessness of mine.

What a long and terrible night that was! What years of pain were crowded into its weary watches! They say that intense fear or a night of great bodily anguish will sometimes turn the blackest hair to the silver hue of age. I know that in those fearful hours my heart grew very old.

My purpose was fixed; my plans were formed. I must leave the place the next day, and never, never see her again. I packed my trunk, and as I finished my preparations for departure the morning was flushed and glorious. I softly stole down stairs, and sent a servant over to the post-town to direct the stage to come for me. I picked a little bunch of roses from a bush I had seen her tend, and wandered listlessly around the house in the apathy of despair.

A sudden step in the gravel-walk and a ringing 'Good morning, Hugh!' It was John. I grasped his hand with an iron grasp, as if thereby to wring out all remembrances of the evil thoughts of the night before.

'Why, Hugh, where were you last night? Mary and I hunted every where for you. But my father said he heard you in your room, and going up I found you locked in. Were you sick?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'I was taken suddenly and violently ill, and laid down.'

'Poor fellow! you look dreadfully haggard and pale. But I have something to tell you which I think will restore you to something like your wonted spirits.'

I did not look him in the face ; I dared not. He continued :

‘ Perhaps you have suspected all along that I loved dear Mary. Last night I knew for the first time that she loved me. I have seen my father this very morning, and he tells me that I could not have chosen any one that could have been more pleasing to him.’

I could not speak. I feared lest I could not control my words.

‘ We shall live here at the old homestead, Hugh, and you must stay with us as much as you can. Mary loves you almost enough for me to be jealous of her.’

Another struggle to crush down the rising devil in my heart. Taking me by the arm, he continued : ‘ Come into the house, dear Hugh, and wish us both joy.’

My brain swam as I entered the breakfast-parlor, where my uncle and Mary were seated. Both looked cheerful, joyous and happy. I felt as a damned spirit might in gazing through the gates of Paradise. I do not know what I said in relation to John and Mary’s engagement ; I only know that as we rose from the table I announced my intention of departure. I met all urging and solicitation to stay longer with the brief reply that my vacation was nearly over, and that I could not remain longer. My trunks were brought to the door, and I sat in the room with John and Mary, awaiting the stage. It came rumbling along the road. It stopped at the gate. I wrung the hands of my uncle and John, and was about to leave Mary with hardly a word of farewell, when she laid her hand on my arm and said :

‘ Dear Hugh, are you going to leave me so ?’

There were tears in her eyes as they looked up at me. I stooped and pressed my lips to hers, and with the fire and madness of that touch burning in my veins, I uttered a trembling ‘ God bless you !’ and in a minute was whirling down the road.

I saw the group as the stage turned a corner of the lane. John was standing with his arm around Mary’s waist and her head upon his shoulder. My uncle was behind them. They were waving their hands toward me in token of a last good-by. It was too much to bear. I sank back in the stage and wept as if my heart would break.

The wound of that first anguish was yet green, though many a month had gone by. I had left college, and was about to leave the country. I had heard occasionally from John, and sometimes from Mary. Their letters were like barbed arrows to my soul. They spoke of their mutual, trusting love, of their plans, of their sunny hopes. They were to be married in the autumn, and after a pleasure-journey, return to the old mansion, there to stay for life. I had determined to remain till after their marriage, and then go, I hardly knew whither ; but the fountain of Lethe flowed, I hoped, somewhere beyond the sea.

A LETTER from my uncle. I read and re-read it, for I hardly thought it real. It spoke of a sudden, an unexplained, a mysterious quarrel between his son and Mary. John had suddenly departed for India, and Mary was lying at the brink of the grave. Weeks went on, and the crisis in her illness had passed and she was recovering.

Every thing still remained unexplained. Mary never spoke of the

fatal word or act, whichever it might be, that had produced this wretchedness, and no one had the cruelty to probe the wound. All was conjecture, all was doubt. I had resolved, however, not to go away, but to stay at home, in the hope that time would solve the mystery. I had not as yet seen her since I left her that summer morning, when she stood by John's side. But I was to see her once more.

I HAVE but barely touched on these occurrences ; they were so startling, so unexpected, that they hardly seemed true. The quarrel, John's departure, Mary's illness and convalescence, all were to me as a painful dream.

At last a letter came from Mary herself. They had just received intelligence that John was dead. He had fallen a victim to a fatal epidemic, and he was sleeping by the banks of the Ganges. Her letter was touching in the extreme. It told me of the sorrow that was preying upon her life ; it asked me, for the sake of the old time, to come and see her once more before she died.

Whirling down the green lane again ; stopping at the old gate. I saw the house through the trees ; I felt the gravel that I had so often trodden on grating under my feet. My hand was again on the latch of the door, my step was again in the hall. My uncle met me cordially and affectionately. He forestalled the question that was struggling to my lip.

'She is sinking every day. She has been hoping to see you hourly.'

'Where is she ?'

'You must not see her to-night. She is asleep, and I should fear to awaken her. To-morrow you shall see her, and I hope your presence may revive her. She has spoken much of you.'

I slept that night in the same chamber wherein I had passed that other night that was branded upon my memory. But my feelings were changed. John, my noble cousin, was dead and resting beneath a far-off sun ; and she, the beautiful, was sinking to the grave. Where were their hopes of happiness ? Into what realm of vanished loveliness had fled their tender dreams of bliss ? Oh, the tears I shed that night were not those that fell in that season of crushed hope ! I saw John's portrait hanging in the old place, and gazing at it, I prayed long and earnestly ; and rising, I felt a calm tranquillity flowing into my heart, and the old love that had ruled me so long and so sternly seemed to have lost the cruel and stony gaze that it wore in former hours, and looked on me with a tender glance, as of that of an angel. My love for Mary Linley was more like a sacred memory than a passion. Was she not dead to me — dead, and wrapped up in the shroud of John's love ? I slept calmly and peacefully, for the spirit of one that had loved me faithfully in life floated through my dreams.

The morning came. She was sitting in the parlor propped up in a huge easy-chair with pillows. I entered the room softly, and she did not hear me till I was kneeling at her side and sobbing in her lap. She put the hair back from my forehead and smiled faintly as she chided my emotion. I could not speak, I could not breathe as I gazed in her face.

The same, but still how altered ! Every feature was attenuated to

a transparent delicacy, through which the very veins were visible. Her eye was more brilliant than ever; the soul looked more brightly out of it as it drew near its home; the wealth and richness of her brown hair was thrown back negligently from her forehead; the hair that in other day's had been twined round my fingers; her voice was very low, but of ineffable sweetness.

'Hugh, dear Hugh, I feared that I should not see you again.'

'I would have come to you from the dead.'

'Hush,' she replied, 'you must not speak of the dead. Is not John among them, and he will not come back.'

I could not answer her, and she continued:

'I killed him, Hugh. If it had not been for my wicked unkindness, he would never have left me; he would never have died away from home, away from me.' 'The issues of life,' said I, 'are not with us; he might have died here, beneath his own roof tree. And Mary, wherever, however, he died, I believe with an unchangeable belief that your name was last upon his tongue, and the thought of you was next to that of his God in his heart.'

'Oh! if he had only come back!' she sobbed; 'if he could only have heard me tell him that I loved him more fondly, more truly than ever, if I could only have felt his kiss upon my cheek, and have heard one syllable of forgiveness, I could die without a murmur. But he left me, Hugh, in anger! yes, it was I that killed him!'

I strove to soothe her, but in vain. Fearing that my presence would excite her into a dangerous state, I soon left her, and went out with a sad and mournful heart. For she was dying. I saw where the unmistakable traces of decay were left upon her face and form. Death was stealing his prize away none the less, surely, because he had wreathed her brow with flowers. A little longer, a little longer, and this pure, noble loving heart would throb on earth no more.

It was inexpressibly touching to witness the sweetness and gentleness of spirit which she manifested; there was no repining, no querulous complaining at her lot. The light and loveliness of earth had no charm for her to win her hopes from heaven. There, she would often say, was garnered up her heart; there she should meet again him, who could not come back to forgive her; there she should never hear the bitter word or feel the unkind look; there both their spirits would dwell in an atmosphere of love that would know no change forever.

She often told me that John spoke of me in the days of their happy trustfulness, with strong and manly affection. That in all their dreams of the Future I was mingled; that she was to be to me a sister, and he a brother; and I shed such tears at her simple narration as I never can shed again. She never blamed my cousin; she never revealed the unhappy cause of their alienation, and whatever it was the grave keeps the secret well; you may listen to the waving of the tall grass that grows where she sleeps, but never a syllable comes thence. She had no love or longing for life, although she knew that each day brought her closer to the grave. A little lock of John's hair was always pressed in her hand, and she would keep her eye fixed upon it, saying, as a pang would rack her now feeble frame: 'It is no matter, it brings me nearer to him.'

I have seen in a lake the ice grow thinner and thinner beneath the waxing heat of the sun, dissolving every hour, wasting imperceptibly away into the water which bore it up, and of which it had its birth. So, day after day, beneath the light and warmth which flowed upon her from heaven, the earthly fetters of her soul grew weaker and weaker, and we could see how her spirit was melting into the pure source which had so far sustained it, and from whence it sprung.

One afternoon we were gathered round her, for we knew that death was very near to her; she had sunk very rapidly of late, and we felt that any moment might be her last. She was sitting in her easy-chair, looking out toward the sinking sun. I was kneeling near her with her hands clasped in mine.

'Hugh,' murmured she, 'to-night I shall see John. Do you think he will forgive me.'

What could I answer?

'He will know me, and I shall know him, for I saw him last night as I shall see him again to-night. The light and glory of heaven was on his forehead like a crown.'

The sobs of my uncle alone broke the stillness.

'Come nearer, Hugh dear, for I think I am dying. Kiss me,' she murmured very softly.

I bent my lips to her cold pale brow. As I did so, I heard my cousin's name trembling upon her tongue, and with those dear syllables faintly uttered, she died; died with his name upon her lips, who was the first, it may be, to greet her as she entered the eternal gates.

Few ever knew what beauty and loveliness faded away from earth that day. Few ever stand where her weary heart is hushed forever, but for me, the flight of that pure spirit left a void that time has never filled, for me earth has no spot so sacred as Mary Linley's grave.

Hallowell, (Me.), 1850.

A D I R G E.

BY R. S. STODDARD.

THERE'S a new grave in the old church-yard,
 Another mound in the snow;
 And a maid whose soul was whiter far,
 Sleeps in her shroud below.

The winds of March are piping loud,
 And the snow comes down for hours;
 But by-and-by the April rains
 Will bring the sweet May flowers.

The sweet May flowers will cover her grave,
 Made green by the April rain;
 But blight will lie on our memories,
 And our tears will fall in vain!

L I N E S .

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

'WHAT is that word, honor?'—SHAKESPEARE.

'Thou shalt not steal:' so saith the holy law
Unto the eager hand, and to the heart,
'Thou shalt not covet aught that is not thine ;'
And human legislators far and wide
Have framed their statutes in the light of these :
Therefore the wretch whose tattered vesture seems
To beckon all the winds to howl at him,
And he to whose lean lips a Spartan crust
Were sweeter than ambrosia, must atone
With stripes or shackles, pillory or cord,
If found delinquent, even in sorest need :
He had a right to face the blast, but not
To rob a fellow-shiverer of his rags ;
And he a right to hunger, but his hand
No licensed seizure of his neighbor's scrip ;
So let the scourge or halter do its work,
And terror guard the bounds 'twixt mine and thine.
Thus speaks the Law, and with its lifted sword
Protects alike the shining hoards of wealth
And the vile nothings Poverty calls his.

But Honor hath sage statutes of his own,
Albeit sternly holding that to steal
The meanest chattel in another's right
Is base and craven. Ay, he hath an eye
To that which is material, and his frown
Falls black on him that doth transgress in aught
That can be weighed or measured, bought or sold ;
But of the priceless treasures of the heart,
Its fond devotion, faith, and hope, and love,
He makes no scruple making free with these,
Though his best friend be beggared by the theft :
He would abhor to cross his neighbor's stile,
Though bending branches tempt the furtive step
To sweet fruition, yet would not demur
To steal into that neighbor's happy home,
The shrine of wedded purity and peace,
And with sly lures and sinuous strategies
So work his will, that she who was the Eve
Of that Elysium shall become a thing
From which Pollution would recoil with shame.

Nay, he would scorn to make his neighbor's hedge
One berry lighter for his roving hand,
Yet would not falter, if the whim so led,
To rob that neighbor's hearth of his sole child,
And having blasted all her vernal charms,
And changed her maiden bashfulness of mien

To that which might outbaze the basilisk,
 Leave her at last, like MAGDALEN of old,
 Possessed of many devils. He would blush
 To break the staff on which the hoary leans,
 To trip the stumbling, or mislead the blind,
 Yet would not stick to break a doting heart,
 Yet would not scruple to corrupt a soul,
 And then abandon, so forlorn and lost,
 So prone to tottering on perdition's brink,
 That hope could scarcely dream of rescue more.

Lo ye who worship Honor and his laws,
 Contemning Nature's, and the awful code
 Fulminated from trembling Sinai; ye who deem
 That maid and matron all are licensed game
 Wherewith to sport your manhood, tell us, pray,
 From what celestial loins ye had your birth,
 Or whose immortal paps were yours to drain,
 That thus in conscious nobleness ye mock
 The attributes of woman? One would think,
 In presence of your wisdom, that the myth
 Of PALLAS had been verified, and you
 Had tasked the parturition of a god
 To give such greatness advent!

I have heard

A sage of downy chin and treble voice,
 Almost in ear-shot of his sisters, swear
 The sex all wanton, frivolous and frail:
 He'd seen the world, and knew them to be so
 Of his own knowledge, if the truth must out;
 And therefore, for his part, he valued them
 As pretty toys to while an idle hour
 In lack of nobler pastime, the dear heart!
 Whose memory was too fraught with gallant lore
 To bear this much: *Thy Mother was a Woman!*

Oh! as for *me*, when I forget her pangs
 Who gave me life in peril of her own;
 The bosom where my utter helplessness
 Found strength and shelter in its mortal need;
 The voice that sang my cradle-song, the eyes
 That watched my sickly sleep the live-long nights;
 The lips that ever were the last to blame,
 The first to breathe forgiveness when I erred;
 The tears that followed boyhood's wayward steps,
 Like kindly rain the hunted wanderer's track,
 All trace effacing from the tell-tale sands;
 When I forget to honor gentleness,
 Unwearied zeal, unbounded sympathies,
 And all the sweet obliviousness of self,
 As shown in every chance and change of life
 By woman, rude or polished, bond or free;
 Then may my name be registered with theirs
 Whom gallantry holds honorable men
 For dragging down to their own native mire
 God's Eddolon of purity and love!

W. P. P.

New-York, June, 1850.

SKETCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY MONTGOMERY PARKER, U. S. C.*

On the twenty-seventh of September we stood into the beautiful land-locked harbor of St. Paul de Loando, and exchanged salutes with the authorities. As it was something of a novelty to find ourselves actually in a civilized place after cruising so long upon the more barbarous parts of the coast, we were of course much delighted at the prospect of finding shore comforts, and during our stay of nearly a week's duration we were not slow in making the most of them.

The city of St. Paul de Loando is the capital of the Portuguese province of Angola, and the residence of a governor-general or viceroy, and a bishop's see. It is, I believe, by far the largest European settlement on the coast of Western Africa, though even now much diminished in extent and importance from its condition a century back. There are yet some very extensive squares near the sea-shore, and the really fine buildings and regularly-laid and lighted streets, the number of vessels in the harbor, and the bustle and stir of a large commercial place, all proclaim to the African cruiser that the luxuries and comforts of civilization are to be found in Africa, notwithstanding the opinion he may have formed during his long and arduous cruises upon the slave coasts. There is here, to be sure, as in other places on the coast, a good deal of fever, intense heat, and many 'niggers;' but these evils are more than counterbalanced and relieved by the sight of a goodly number of white faces, including some Portuguese ladies, and by the knowledge that you are among civilized beings in a civilized community.

I had the pleasure of attending our commander on a visit of ceremony to the governor-general, whom we found to be an exceedingly polished and well-informed man. He seemed to be well acquainted with the history of the United States (something rare in a foreigner), and inquired particularly about our affairs with Mexico, of which however he seemed to be quite as well informed as ourselves. His name is Da Cunhu, and he comes from one of the most ancient and noble families in Portugal. He spoke English very fluently, with little or no accent, and after an audience of about half an hour (during which he tendered to Captain B., in the warmest manner, the hospitalities of the port), we took our leave, much pleased with our visit to his excellency.

The heat of the sun in St. Paul de Loando is intolerable, and no white man, if he is wise, will venture out in the day-time unprotected from its rays. There is a very large number of blacks in the city,

* I SEND you a sketch of the city of Saint Paul de Loando, the capital of the Portuguese province of Angola. I commence so far South because my friend JOHN CARROLL BRENT, Esq., has been so recently over the northern coast in his interesting sketches in your pages. My next sketch will be a description of a very interesting excursion which I made up the river Dande in 1848. This I think will be new, for I have never heard of this river having been ascended by any persons except slaves.

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

standing at every corner, whose sole occupation is that of carrying a sort of palanquin called a 'masulah.' These are more plentiful than omnibusses and cabs in Broadway, and infinitely more comfortable; and every person of any importance always rides in one of these African vehicles. They consist of a kind of cot slung to a long pole, with an awning over it, and some of them are framed and lined with morocco in rather an expensive style, but in very good taste. Two of the black bearers will carry one of these masulahs with a passenger at the rate of thirty miles a day with the greatest ease, and the motion is one of the pleasantest and most soothing to one's heated nerves in this climate that I ever experienced. I was so much pleased with one, after my first experimental ride, that I chartered it for the time I was to remain; and really, when forced to go, I took leave of the two poor bearers with regret; for they had lugged me many a mile in an African sun during the 'Boxer's stay, and that too without murmuring, and 'without turning a hair,' as the horse-jockeys say.

On the long narrow island of Loando, which completely landlocks the harbor of St. Paul, the government have a naval dépôt and ship-yard, off which a receiving or guard-ship is always moored, and there are two or three armed cruisers constantly on the station, actively employed, as is stated, in preventing the slave trade being carried on in any of the coast under the jurisdiction of the Portuguese flag. There is, beside this force, a regularly-enrolled body of native militia for the defence of the province; and strange as it may seem, these troops are nearly all composed of wandering tribes of bushmen, who are only paid when called into actual service, and then only at the rate of two cents a day, or thereabouts, while on duty. I was assured by a gentleman resident, that the government could actually depend on the services of more than a hundred thousand of these strange troops in case of any emergency arising where their aid would be required. The bushmen lead a miserable, wandering life, cultivating just enough to keep themselves from starving, and trading with the merchants in the city in slaves, ivory, palm-oil, beeswax, orchilla, and other articles of African produce. They are well provided with muskets and powder, and it is somewhat singular that in almost every tribe there can be found two or three native gunsmiths, who (in their own rude manner, to be sure) can repair and render any injured gun serviceable. They are troubled with but very little clothing, wearing but a small piece of cotton-cloth about the loins, and decorating their greasy shaved heads with a little strip of the skin of some beast, with the hair turned outward, which gives them a very wild and ferocious appearance.

There is a very singular tribe of Bushmen inhabiting a section of country not far from the city, who are very nearly white; a kind of Albino. They look as one would suppose a negro would look after he had been very badly and imperfectly skinned, more than like anything else that I can compare them to. Their eyes are bloodshot and inflamed, and their sight, in the day-time, when the sun is up, very imperfect. Their hair, or rather wool, is of a grisly white color, and in form and stature they are purely African, having flat noses and thick pouting lips. They do no work, but live entirely by begging, and are

looked upon with perfect abhorrence by the other tribes of Bushmen. I saw a number of them at different times about the streets of Loando, and a more miserable, dirty, disgusting-looking set of wretches I never yet beheld.

St. Paul de Loando is strongly defended by several fortifications. One of them is cut into the side of a rocky cliff at the entrance to the harbor, and completely commands it. A little farther up, almost in the mouth of the harbor, is a strong water-battery, mounting about fifty guns, and on an elevation in the centre of the city stands the castle and another very strong fort, which commands the town and harbor. Beside these fortifications, the natural defences are very strong, and are capable of much greater improvement at a small expense. There are many buildings and structures of a good deal of style and pretension, and all constructed with an eye to comfort and protection from the intense heat. The governor's palace, built upon the highest elevation in the city, is a very large structure, and admirably placed to take advantage of the cool sea-breezes. It adjoins the barracks, which are large and well-ventilated, and is surrounded by the dwelling-houses of the more wealthy class of Portuguese residents. In different parts of the city there are still standing the walls of several very immense churches and cathedrals, built centuries ago by the Jesuits, shortly after they obtained their foothold in Africa. From their size and the extent of ground which they cover they must have been magnificent edifices when first erected; but now they stand as so many witnesses to the decline of the wealthy and ambitious order by whom they were founded. One of them, covering perhaps three acres of ground, and capable of holding an army, is now used as a military store-house and work-shop for the troops.

The mercantile community of St. Paul de Loando is quite large, and most of the merchants are really wealthy. They are generally connected with commercial houses in Rio Janeiro, Balier, and other ports in the Brazils, and Lisbon and Liverpool, and the trade is of a good deal of importance.

I am inclined to think that but little is known in the commercial world of the real value of the Portuguese provinces in south-western Africa; and indeed the want of energy and enterprise amongst the Portuguese themselves do not develop their resources. So far as first settlement and colonization gives them a right, they have an undoubted claim to the greater portion of the territories of Loango, Cingo, Angola, and Benguela; and at different points in these countries, both on the sea-shore and in the interior, for many years, trading-posts and guard-stations have been established, under the mere nominal protection of the Portuguese flag, which has not availed them much when brought into collision with the natives. As a general thing the Portuguese succeed admirably with the natives, not only on account of their own nature, which when in Africa appears to assimilate with them, but by the aid of superstition and the strong feeling in favor of Roman Catholics, which in years gone by was widely disseminated by the Jesuits throughout these provinces.

Notwithstanding the 'greegree,' or idol-worship, among the natives,

I have never seen a tribe of natives, from the latitude of Cape Verd to that of San Felipe de Benguela, who did not appear to have traces of Catholic worship among them, and who did not respect the emblems of that religion. Almost every hut will be found to contain a little crucifix, or a string of beads, and perhaps nine out of ten of the natives will have one of these tokens suspended round his neck, intermingled with his 'greegrees' and charms to protect him from the 'evil eye.' It is in a great measure owing to this latent feeling of respect for the Catholic religion, that Protestant missionaries to Africa have found their labors so arduous and unprofitable. The love of show is paramount to a negro, and this he has in the ceremonies of the Catholic church; while in the unostentatious worship of the different Protestant sects there is nothing to charm the eye, and but little which appeals to the senses. Added to this, a great, very great difficulty, has been met with, and an obstacle presented almost insurmountable to the advancement of any particular creed of Christianity in Africa, by the very ill-advised and ill-chosen custom of sending missionaries of different denominations to the same point.

Is it to be wondered at, that when in our own civilized and educated communities we are often stranded in religion and left in the dark by following out some new doctrine, in opposition to another which we have professed during a lifetime, that the poor unenlightened blacks in Africa, with intellects hardly above the brute beasts, are confounded and disgusted by the preachings and exhortations of one missionary and the counter assertions and assurances of another, and that they return to their 'greegrees' and 'fetishes,' which only stand for one faith, with a stubborn resolve never more to be led aside from that faith, no matter what may happen to them?

The Portuguese merchants in St. Paul de Loando are a very hospitable and gentlemanly set of men: of the ladies we saw but little, as they make their appearance only in the evening, when the sun goes down, which in fact, they tell us, is the only time that the place is really alive, an assertion I am for one ready to credit, as any place is dead to me without the enlivening charm of ladies' society. This luxury we were unfortunately obliged to forego, the health regulations of the squadron not permitting any one to be on shore after sun-down. I may here give it as my opinion, founded on my own experience of a two years' residence in the climate of Africa, since my visit to St. Paul de Loando, that no detriment to the health of any person will be experienced by remaining on shore until nine o'clock in the evening, as the sea-breezes rarely cease to blow before ten at night, during which time the noxious exhalations of the land do not concentrate. And I also question whether much more injury to health is not experienced in the African squadrons by allowing officers and crews to go on shore in the heat of the day, while the sun is in its full intensity, and no air stirring, than would be by allowing them to leave the ships late in the afternoon, and remaining until even a later time than nine or ten o'clock. Old stagers on the coast of Africa tell me that it is safe so far as health is concerned to remain on shore until midnight, and then go off to the ship to sleep, and avoid the morning fogs, and on no account to commit the folly of

sleeping on shore during the two months succeeding the rainy seasons, as ninety-nine persons out of one hundred by so doing would certainly be taken with fever.

There is no doubt whatever that St. Paul de Loando has at one time been a great place for fitting out slavers, and a great many of the present merchants at one time were interested in the traffic, and that too openly. But at the present time the government has set its face against the exportation of slaves, and if any of the mercantile houses are now in this traffic, it is done *sub rosa*, and, I am led to believe, with not much success or profit to those engaged. The merchants as a class (no matter what has been urged to the contrary) are what they represent themselves to be, traders, not in their own species, but with the Bushmen and coast natives, in the various articles of African produce; and no matter what they have been, give them the credit of what they now are, hospitable, kind and gentlemanly men.

Masters of vessels stopping at this port will find a delightfully sheltered and healthy harbor, with any depth of water for anchorage they please, where they can heave out, repair, and refit ship with ease at all times. There are good ship chandlers' stores in the city, where every thing for the fitment or equipment of a vessel can be found. Water is always plentiful, and the market in the great square always well stocked, and prices reasonable; indeed, there is no place on the western coast of Africa like it, and our visit was one of the green spots in our dreary three years' cruise in this burning climate.

L I N E S F R O M ' H A F I Z . '

COME! let us quaff the morning bowl;
 Already through her veil of roses
 The dawn of day peeps out; and lo!
 How sweet the tulip's lip uncloses!
 That beautiful dark tulip, down
 Whose cheek the dew-drops slowly trickle!
 Bring wine, my soul, and let me sip,
 For life, like love, is fleeting, fickle:
 Behold upon her emerald throne
 The bulbul's queen, all glittering, glorious:
 Fetch me the ruby wine! that rose
 In Eden's bower would reign victorious!
 Why talk of Eden—Eden's here?
 Odors and wine, flagon and flowers,
 And thou an houri, sweeter far
 Than all the maids of Eden's bowers:
 But how?—the banquet-room is shut;
 Snug in his castle snores the keeper;
 The bolt still fast, the entrance barred!
 Up, drowsy drone! up, lazy sleeper!
 To sleep in such an hour as this,
 When Earth her varied joys discloses!
 Like HAFIZ, rather wisely seek
 Life while it last among the roses.

GOOD NIGHT.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

Now the nightingale sits singing
By his rose-bud in the grove,
While the heavens above are ringing
With his river-song of love:
Like the wild swan on the ocean,
Circled with her cygnets white,
Star-engirdled with soft motion,
Sails the moon through heaven to-night:
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

Go! while thou art softly sleeping,
By the clear Elysian streams;
I will be awake here weeping
By the 'Ivory Gate of Dreams':
Angels like the stars in number,
Watchers from their courts of light,
Sing around thy peaceful slumber
Through the beautiful good night:
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

While the odorous flowers are closing
Their soft petals in the dew,
Thou wilt be in bed reposing;
I awake in mine for you:
Take, oh, take to your soft bosom,
Faithful nurse of my delight,
This sweet lily-bell in blossom,
And preserve her there — good night!
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

Here we both stand broken-hearted,
Leaning on each other's heart;
For in parting we seem parted,
Just to think that we must part:
See! the pale cold moon is waning,
Sinking softly from our sight,
While our souls are here complaining
For the loss of one good night:
Good night, my love, my dearest!
High heaven of my delight!
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night!

Where the nightingale sits singing
By his rose-bud in the grove,
While the heavens above are ringing
With his river-song of love ;
While my soul is left here sighing
Out its song for my delight,
I now hear her voice replying
Unto mine : '*My love, good night !*'
Good night, my love, my dearest !
High heaven of my delight !
Of all things brightest, fairest,
My beautiful — good night !

Villa Allegra, (Ga.), April 10th, 1848.

A U N T P I E T Y P A R S O N S .

A SPECIMEN OF WESTERN LIFE.

No life can be more diversified and changeful than that enjoyed by the inhabitants of the Far West, who, be they 'Buck-eyes,' 'Wolverines,' or citizens of 'Hoosier-dom,' each do that which is right in their own eyes ; and if to any dweller within its borders, it seem unfair to serve up one poor lone woman as a specimen of their great, glorious but unfenced republic, we can only offer in excuse, the high precedent of the man who brought away one veritable, red brick, as a sample of 'Big London City.'

'One half the world know not how the other half live : ' so said some wise body, a long time ago, and so said we, as in a morning ramble in the wide western woods, we encountered an earnestly debating group, standing among the stumps before a log-cabin door. There was an old woman, tall and straight gesturing vehemently with a bony hand, the wrist of which was encircled by a band of red flannel, that bespoke a sprain ; her complexion was of a snuffy, smoky-brown ; her cap-border bent back by the wind, was of the same hue ; a robe of faded calico ; a black silk handkerchief tied in a wide-spreading bow-knot, which hung carelessly over her left shoulder ; and a yellow and red cotton bandanna thrust into the open neck of her gown, completed her dress, unless shoes and stockings should be added, the which if her feet were *in* them, they were certainly *out*.

Three little, saucy-looking boys stood before her listening to her voice, with countenance full of impudent defiance, and in attitudes little becoming culprits taken in the act.

Between them there stood, or lay huddled together, Aunt Piety's 'beautiful pile of little pigs,' hardly mature enough to be emancipated from maternal guidance, and who, instead of attending to the grubblings and rootings natural to their condition, were uttering little gruntings and mournful squeaks, as if no common trouble had befallen them.

One glance told the story. Even if the firmly-grasped jack-knife of one of the boys had not revealed it, it could not have escaped the eye of the most careless observer, that every pig of the seven was deprived of that ornamental appendage upon which Nature, as if to make amends for unbending bristles, seems to have outdone herself, in the way of ringlets.

And there lay the little articles themselves, affecting mementoes, silvery cords, tender tails blasted in their first twist, beautiful in death! It seemed as if the sight of them must melt the hearts of those youthful savages, but no! there were no relentings; there was no softened sense of regret, no shame, no confessions, no askings of forgiveness. The little wretches thought it good fun; and the more Aunt Piety scolded, the better the sport, until wrought up into a phrensy of feeling, she exclaimed:

‘Aint sorry, eh! then, boys, I swear in the name of Great Britain, I’ll sarve every soul of you just the same!’

Such was my first interview with Mrs. Piety Parsons, whose fame had before that reached my ears, but of whose eccentricities I found not the half had been told. Rumor says that she was once young and handsome, but even Madam Credulity herself would shrink back aghast from such an assertion, and in Mrs. Parson’s favorite phrase implying doubt, desired that ‘*that* might be told to the Indians.’ Be it as it may, she is neither now, yet there is an indescribable air of shrewdness about her that commands your attention, and after you have once fairly looked into the depths of her clear, gray eyes, that twinkle like stars in a frosty night, or flash out like the light from a pistol, you forget her poverty and carelessness, for you see that beneath that rough exterior there is no common intelligence.

Whether it was luck or accident, nobody knows, but Aunt Piety once got married, and is still permitted to grace the conjugal estate. This might have been accomplished in those days of youth and beauty that are matters of tradition; but people do say that Barzillai Parsons, smart man as he is, was a lazy youth, and that being first cousin to Piety, he married her because she was the easiest possible, lawful connection. It has so happened that this better-half of hers should be a Quaker, one whose straight coat and broad-brimmed hat belong to the society of Friends, and can be laid aside, or put on to suit his convenience or practice. He is nevertheless a harmless member of the community, ‘never cheats,’ according to his own showing, ‘save when there is a necessity for it,’ never quarrels, because ‘it is less trouble to be peaceable,’ and ‘keeps the seventh day as a day of rest, with more pleasure than he labors the other six.’ He never interferes with Aunt Piety’s concerns. If his three meals each day and a blazing fire await his return from his out-door employment, he rarely speaks to her. She is fond of making little personal sacrifices for comfort, and of telling him of them, thus keeping up conversation; and when she has earned a small sum of money, she finds great satisfaction in giving it to him, and accompanying the same with remarks on her own excellences; while he, good soul, listens to the chink of the silver in his buck-skin purse, and to her lecture with the same imperturbable composure.

They have a piece of land just out of the village, partly cleared, and with its produce and a little cash, (Aunt Piety must have a little money to buy snuff,) they live in their cabin with its 'shakes roof' and mud-chimney, and go up a ladder to get pumpkins and bran for 'the creatures,' and down a ladder to get pork and potatoes for themselves, just as they have done this many a year, contented and happy, ever ready to be hospitable or helpful, as occasion may offer. Her hospitality to be sure, is oftener offered than accepted, for truth must be told, and the feeling that she seasons too liberally with her 'yellow pepper,' prevails with those who know her and her ways, so that the Piety Parson's hospitality is somewhat shunned. Piety is her name, but the exercise of piety is not her forte. It has been affirmed that names, especially those of the abstract virtues, have an influence on character. If Aunt Piety's has had any on hers, it has been by bringing about its opposite. I will not undertake to say that she should be called Sinful Parsons, for she means 'to be clever,' and under that comprehensive phrase she classes the exercise of most of the every-day charities and kindnesses of life. She has a 'fellow feeling' for suffering humanity, loves to nurse the sick, to do for the feeble, and with children about her, is as happy as a queen. But she has 'no faith in religion,' and 'is too strong-minded to believe the Bible, the Koran or the Mormon oracle,' for all are put in the same category by her, and she thinks she has wisdom enough out of her own private stock to get up her own belief regarding the future. Her main concern is with the present, and about that she luxuriates in expressing her ideas, according to her own notions.

Facts are stranger than fancies, and with this fault of Aunt Piety's must be coupled the former weakness. She is *not neat*. The first step into her log-cabin shows it; the first glance about her room proclaims it; and the first whiff of air that greets your olfactories has an energetic way of telling it. Open the door and the gentle breeze from without will waft aside the blue woollen 'bed-rug,' setting lint and feathers flying as if endowed with vitality. Let the dingy curtain of chintz be drawn back from her shelves, and what do you see? Alas! alas! look at her unswept and spotted floor; see her dark pillow coverings and smoky windows; look at her herself! After this you will ask no questions, for you will know all about it. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' and when she parted company with the latter, how could the other remain?

It was a cold day when I first let down her bars, crossed her chip-yard, and stood before her habitation. 'Come in,' was the answer to a knock, which I afterward found to be a superfluous ceremony. I pulled the leathern-string, and the door opened. A high foot-board was nailed against its lower part, as if to keep toddling babies in; no, it was to keep hungry pigs out, and this required no little skill to surmount. A gathering up of garments, a high step, a long step, a firm grasp on the side log, one spring, and you were over.

'Glad to see a human creatur,' said Aunt Piety, her gray eyes fairly gleaming with satisfaction. 'Set right down, and off with that bonnet, for now you must stay and eat;' and she wiped out the seats of some splint-bottomed chairs with her calico apron; then rolling up her arms

in it, covering them and her hands as if with a muff, she seated herself on a low three-legged stool in the corner.

‘Why don’t you off with them things?’ was her next salutation.

‘I’m a dreadful-looking old creatur’ to-day, but my feelings is worse than my looks. This is ague-day, and the shakes just off. Take a pinch of snuff? Ain’t you going to stay and eat?’

‘We only came for a call, Mrs. Parsons.’

‘Don’t Mrs. Parsons me! I’m Aunt Piety,’ was her reply, ‘and a dreadful pious creatur’ I am. I believe in taking things easy in gettin’ along in the world, and in making the most of yourself. (N. B. She has had little success.) I was just putting some wood on the fire as you came. Thinks I, folks are just like wood. See that old fellow there — he has been sissing, steaming away there two hours. He never will blaze, never even smoke, never make a human creatur’ warm; only kind of slowly ashes away, of no account anyhow, *dead at heart*, and so ’s some folks. Now there ’s that ugly, crooked little fellow — he won’t lay any way. I reckon I was e’en-a-most half an hour trying to put him underneath, but he’d no notion of being out of sight. He’d twist and turn and wriggle in my hands, till I put him top of the heap, and there he ’s of no account, for he’ll burn right through and fall in the corner. There ’s that other stick — snap, snap, snap away, just like Miss ———, no matter who; ’t aint perlite to be calling names when you’re talking about folks. Both of them will snap till they die, and take a body’s time to put out the little fires they kindle. That other blessed little creatur’ would have laid any where, and wherever I put it; would have blazed right up, and helped all the rest along. And that chunk there is the t’other end of a back log that Barzilly drew in when he got the oxen up tother day. Them red coals that’s a-fire all the way through are some of its leavings, and they are as good as new now. Folks will sometimes last good, and I’m glad of it; but there’s a heap that make more smoke than blaze, and more blaze than heat. One stick will burn alone, another cannot go it without company, and some are nothing but noise. Now say, ain’t they like folks?’

‘Yes, Aunt Piety, but what will you do with the chips?’

‘Chips! bless your heart, they are the little children. Out in the yard and by themselves they ain’t good for nothing; but put them in the right place, and I’ll tell you what, they’ll do sore eyes good, and make a fire that will warm a human creatur’s heart. Oh, yes, chips are like little children; some trouble, to be sure, but worth taking care of. This is the dreadfulest country for young ones though,’ she continued. ‘What with the fires and the pigs, and the bilin’ kettles and the fever n’ager, a woman ought to be thankful when her’s have got no odd looks but what’s nat’al.’

‘I see, Aunt Piety, that, as Shakspeare says, you can

“FIND tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing!”

‘I don’t know who Shakspeare is,’ was her reply. ‘Some great *sea-poet*, I suppose, as Van Heltic said of Napoleon. I never reads none. Learning’s like matrimony — *easy to begin, but hard to continue*. And as for sermons, I do my own preaching. Preaching ain’t of no

account, as I see. There's Bazzillair—he preaches. He'll sit by the fire two hours upon the stretch, twist his thumbs, and never speaks only just afore he begins. He says: 'Piety, I'se goin' to hold meetin', so does thee hold thy tongue.' Meetin' it may be, but I reckon it's sleepy meetin'. There's the methodist, but 'tain't no matter. Every body likes their own notions about such matters. One's meat 'is another's p'ison; and to my thinking, they've all got a *little something about them that a'most spiles them!*

'Do you like to live out here in the woods, Aunt Piety?' I asked, trying to turn the conversation.

'Woods! like to live in the woods!' she repeated. 'Bless your lawful sakes, you do n't call this woods, do you? There ain't no bears, nor many wolves, nor *mas-san-gers* round here. Why, we've all got bedsteads, and do n't sleep in hollowed logs, as we used to. The stumps are out of the roads, and, bless you, we've got fences! We raise our own pork and have tame hens, and pumpkin-pies, and every such nice cookin', and you go and call it woods!'

So heartily did the old woman laugh at my ignorance, that I joined her merriment, and did that difficult thing, laugh at myself.

We staid the fire out, which, in her zeal for conversation, Aunt Piety did not replenish. After pacifying her for not having 'come to eat,' and making a promise to come again soon, and '*stay long enough to rest our faces and hands,*' we rose to depart. She looked at the fire, and rather mournfully said: 'Like it, we must go out too.'

Barzilla was in the yard, and as we passed, gave us the greeting: 'How does thee do, friend?' Aunt Piety followed us to the bars, and after we had passed them, and they were restored to their places, she leaned over the fence to bid us 'Come again, and never mind to let her know aforehand. Some folks need it; 'be ye *also* ready;' but in this western country it is better to say, be ye *always* ready, and so I am!'

Thus lives Mrs. Piety Parsons, '*aunt*' to this and the surrounding counties.

G. R. M.

—— County, Ill.

SONNET.

ON A PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN.

THOU broad-browed prophet of the harmonious art,
 Thou seemedst most like some sky-visioned seer,
 Dwelling upon a mount from men apart,
 And list'ning with hushed soul and holy fear
 To sounds that ne'er before dropt on a mortal ear:
 And then, at times, from down that lonely height
 Swept the full wind of thine ecstatic lyre,
 Now awful as the rolling thunder's might,
 And hurrying as the rush of wings of fire;
 And then as mild as if an angel flown
 From Heaven had sighed to breathe again its air:
 Others who sit crowned kings on Music's throne,
 May with sweet force our eyelids close to care;
 But when we *visions* see — thou monarch reignest there.

J. M. H.

'LEAVES FROM THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.'

MINE ELDER-BORN, ABBY: AGED FIFTEEN.

SHE faded, alas! in her girlhood,
As the balmy spring away;
Or the dew of the morning in summer,
That scarce waits the opening day.

And so have I seen in the forest,
The wind-flower lift its head;
As it were mid the shade meekly blooming,
A spirit among the dead.

And I've thought of the sweet water-lily,
With its foliage on the wave;
As kissing the sun with its fragrance,
It smiled o'er its watery grave.

Ay, did they not speak of skies brighter,
Of holier mansions above?
And soon, like God's messengers speeding
To us with the tokens of love.

When thou, my first born, I committed
To earth, cold earth, with a sigh;
I wept not — how could I? for sorrow
Reached not from its deeps to the eye.

'T is past — ah! 't is past; and the fountains
Of grief suppressed at first,
Are now gushing forth like the waters
That have their strong barriers burst.

Sad, lonely, I go to thy earth-bed,
With footfalls soft and slow;
And noiseless as the wind's soft breathing,
My tears to thy memory flow.

Thou didst 'fade as a leaf,' in thy girlhood,
From this cold clime, my child;
Ah! how may a beautiful flower
Breasts scathless the rude winds wild!

And now hast thou gone to thy sky-home,
Since thy soft hands pressed mine;
And though to my soul, *here* most lovely,
Thou art *there* almost DIVINE.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

STANDISH THE PURITAN: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION. By EDWARD GRAYSON, Esq. In one volume. pp. 320. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS entertaining volume was briefly alluded to in the 'Gossip' of our last number, and a general synopsis of its character, from the pen of the discriminating and accomplished literary critic of '*The Tribune*' daily journal, was presented. There were several extracts, however, which we marked in the perusal of the book, which we should have been well pleased to insert, but which even now we can do little more than indicate. We would like the reader, who may chance to have a little love of broad fun in his composition, to turn over the leaves of the volume before us, wherein is recorded the history of a certain ginger-case before a Dutch jury. It is in a vein of true humor and keen burlesque. The judge had occasion to admonish one of the jury that he must 'keep awake and hear the cause:' 'Vy musht I keep awake?' asked the unconscious Dutchman, 'my mind ish made up!' The picture of this sage jury in council is exceedingly HOGARTHIAN; sitting in a row, with their hands in their breeches-pockets, their legs stretched out, their cheeks protruding and red, and their pipes twisted in their hat-bands. An officer breaks in upon their deliberations to inquire if they have agreed upon their verdict, to which he receives the civil answer, 'Minds your pishness!' They are all for bringing in the defendant guilty, (of mixing Indian meal with his ginger,) and adjudging him to 'be vipped von hondred splows;' but HANS VAN TRIPE, the foreman, was a man of good feelings and some romance of character, and he thinks of his own boyhood, and of his once robbing a hen-roost, and he gives vent to his reminiscential reflections in these words: 'Vat!' said he, 'I had no fadder, no mudder. I vash a boor poy, and shno vun do tell me var I vash right or var I vash wrong. Vun could push, and annudder could push, and say: 'Get away, you poor fedder! vat bishness you to come in my vay?' So I vent about, and vash in every podie's vay; and I could n't keep out of de vay. SANTA CLOOSH never come daun de shimney to me; and ven he did, he vould put a vip to schwitch me in my stocking. So I vould go to de river ven de poys who had fadder and mudder vash gone, and see de little vishes swim, and look so happy ven de big vishes was after them; and de little pirds in de pushes sung, and I vent ashleep. I dreemed my boor mudder came to me and said: 'HANS, my boor poy, be happy. If you be hungry, you musht n't shteal; but be a goot poy, and you 'll have enough to eat. A little time, HANS, and you 'll pe old, and if you are goot, you 'll come to vere heffery pody is happy and heffery pody is goot.' These reflections prompt HANS, the fore-

man, to bring in a verdict that the defendant 'be vipped, and de chudge to tell 'em ven to shdop!'—whereupon the judge advises them that 'the case before them was a civil action, and that their verdict should have been for a sum of money!' Of the two elements, love and war, which enter into all novels, there is in the one before us no lack, and both are well and graphically described. There is an under-current of satire, too, in many of the limnings, one especially, which proves the author an adept in the use of the polished rapier. Altogether, the work is one of decided merit and still more decided promise; and we are not surprised to learn that it has already attained to a wide popularity.

THE HOMŒOPATHIC THEORY AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE. By E. E. MARCY, M. D. In one volume. pp. 631. New-York: WILLIAM RADDE.

WE shall enter into no discussion of the relative merits of rival schools in medical philosophy. We leave such matters for the doctors, and are very sorry that they cannot agree upon them. The work before us, whatever may be thought of the theories asserted and illustrated in it, is of such unusual merit in scientific and literary points of view, however, as to deserve more than the brief notice we can give to it; and we conceive that no apology is ever demanded for commending to attention, if not to approval, any production of a scholar which relates to a subject of such universal and altogether vital importance.

It is admitted by the most wise and profoundly learned physicians of the allopathic practice, that the laws of that practice are for the most part vague and uncertain. The cumulative experiences of many ages have shown indeed that certain substances have certain effects in certain conditions of the human organism; but the processes by which these effects are induced are unknown, or not so established as justly to be regarded as a part of science. Facts have been observed, and hypotheses have been formed, but there has been no demonstrative generalization, really no philosophy of disease and cure; and while in almost every other department, investigation and reflection has led by a steady and sure advance to the establishment of positive and immutable principles, medicine has made, except in a few specialties, no advance at all, *unless the theory here disclosed shall prove a solution of its secrets*. Of these specialties, the most important has been the discovery of the homœopathic law in the isolated case of smallpox. Every body knows how difficult and slow was the reception of the principle of inoculation—of *similia similibus curantur*—in this disease; but it was received at last universally; and then arose HAHNEMANN, to claim for every disorder of the human system the application of the same principle. Right or wrong, the father of Homœopathy gave us a system, perfect in its parts, universal in its fitness, and eminently beautiful in its simplicity. It has been half a century before the world, and though all the universities have parleyed and made truce with other innovations and asserted heresies, and opened against this their heaviest and best piled artillery, it is not to be denied that homœopathy has made more rapid, diffusive and pervading advances, than were ever before made by any doctrine of equal importance, either in morals or physics.

We cannot but admit that we have been accustomed to regard the theories of HAHNEMANN with distrust, and that the principle of the attenuation of drugs, etc., viewed as it was by us through the media of prejudiced and satirical opposition, seemed to be trivial and absurd. We heard frequently of remarkable cures by

HAHNEMANN's disciples, and even witnessed the benefits of their treatment, but so perfectly had the sharp ridicule of the allopathists warped our judgment and moulded our feelings, that we felt a sort of humiliation in confessing an advantage from an 'infinitesimal dose.' We could never forget the keen and brilliant wit with which our friend HOLMES, for example, assailed a system which threatened to take away his patience and patients, deprive him of his income, and consign his profound erudition and ingenious speculation to oblivion. But the work of Dr. MARCY displayed these matters to us in an entirely different light, and guarded by walls of truths and arguments quite impenetrable by the most finely pointed or most powerful satire. His well-known abilities, great learning, and long and successful experience as an allopathist, gave us assurance that his conversion to the school of HAHNEMANN could have been induced only by inherent elements of extraordinary force and vitality in its principles, and we looked to him confidently, when we understood that he was preparing for the press an exhibition and vindication of homœopathy, for such a work as should at least screen the layman who accepted its doctrines from the reproach of fanatical or credulous weakness. We are not disappointed. He has given us a simple and powerful appeal to the common sense upon the whole subject. In language terse, direct and perspicuous, and with such bravery as belongs to the consciousness of a championship for truth, he displays every branch of his law, with its antagonism, and leads his reader captive to an assenting conclusion.

Our limits, and the professional character of the work, forbid particular criticism, and we shall add but a recommendation, in the general, of this first book by an American upon the Homœopathic Theory and Practice of Medicine, as at least a very able and attractive piece of philosophical speculation; and to those who are still disposed to think with little respect of the Hahnemannian peculiarities, we specially commend, before they venture another jest upon the subject, or endure any more needless nausea and torture, or sacrifice another constitution or life upon the altar of prejudice, the reading of Dr. MARCY's capital chapters upon Allopathy, Homœopathy, and the Attenuation of Drugs and Repetitions of Doses.

SUPPLEMENT TO FRANK FORRESTER'S 'FISH AND FISHING OF THE UNITED STATES, and British North America.' By WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

BESIDE the corrections of certain natural and perhaps unavoidable errors in the previous larger work, the present well-printed quarto contains very considerable additions on trolling for lake trout and on fishing with a fly, together with a table, explaining the seasons, bait, etc., of the principal salt-water fishes of our waters. The 'Supplement' is divided into two parts; the one treating of the structure, habits and classification of the fishes; the other of the implements, the materials, and the art of angling. The SALMON family come in for a large share of Mr. HERBERT's attention. Of this interesting group he has inserted descriptions of six new species peculiar to the Columbia and other rivers of the Pacific coast, now growing into so great importance, together with the new varieties from the north-western lakes. Much new information is also here collected, touching the habits, quality, instincts, and mode of capturing TROUT. Would that at this moment, with our choice of flies from the score or more so well depicted in the frontispiece to this 'Supplement,' we were away in the woods of the Calicoon, listening to hear its 'waters croon,' what time we drew from the deep eddies the speckled prey! But alas! this is a *work-day* world.

MANUAL OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, for the year 1850. By D. T. VALENTINE. New-York: McSPEDON AND BAKER.

WE take blame to ourselves for not having before noticed this corpulent volume for the present year, from the pen of the indefatigable and popular clerk of the Common Council. It is a most comprehensive compendium of all that is worth knowing of the early history and present condition of the city. Minute information concerning every department of our city institutions, tables containing statistics of every description, and in fine, *every thing*, as we have said, that it is necessary to know may here be found, admirably classified, and so arranged as to be perfectly accessible for immediate reference. There are maps and pictures in abundance, representing the old and new metropolis, public edifices, etc.; and what adds an especial charm to the book, aside from its usefulness, are the copious extracts from the records kept by the good burgomasters and schepens who ruled the city in the olden time; records which of themselves, to say nothing of the entertainment which they will afford to modern readers, exemplify the homely virtues and just spirit of our good old KNICKERBOCKER fathers.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY of the State of New-York, of the Condition of the State Cabinet of Natural History, and the Historical and Antiquarian Collection annexed thereto. Albany: WILLIAM PARSONS AND COMPANY, Public Printers.

WE are indebted to an obliging friend, the Secretary of the Regents of the University, for a copy of this valuable, and in some respects very beautiful work, which was presented to the State Senate on the eleventh of January last. We find in the report itself a brief *résumé* of the transactions in, and present condition of, the different departments of the State Cabinet of National History. In its appendices are catalogues of the quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fishes, etc.; and a report, one of the most interesting in the entire work, upon the articles furnished to the Indian collection. Many of these, consisting of articles of male and female Indian wardrobe, are engraved in the first style of art, and colored with a delicacy and truth to nature that we have never seen surpassed. We trust that this report has been widely circulated, for the facts which it contains, and the manner in which they are preserved, reflect honor upon the State.

HISTORY OF THE POLK ADMINISTRATION. By LUCIEN B. CHASE, a Member of the Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Congress. In one volume. pp. 512. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THIS very handsome and clearly-written volume delineates, and we have no doubt with conscientious partiality (albeit ourselves wedded to the 'Principles of Ninety-Eight,' those 'fundamental principles of our government,' concerning which we have no sort of 'notion,' and never knew the first partizan who ever *had*), the various transactions which signalized the eventful epoch of Mr. POLK's administration. Mr. CHASE was in Congress during the entire presidential term of the late democratic PRESIDENT, and many occurrences are recorded in the pages before us, which passed under our author's own observation, and which greatly facilitated his researches. He has incorporated copious notes, containing arguments upon both sides of important questions, for the purpose of presenting the views of Mr. POLK's contemporaries.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE REVISITED.'—When we wrote, in our number for May, a few brief sentences concerning the above-entitled sketch, and presented a touching and beautiful extract from the same, we were not aware that we were quoting from a published volume, but only from the columns of a journal to which a correspondent had directed our attention. We have before us, however, from the press of Mr. ROBERT CARTER, of this city, a well-printed little book, of some two hundred and fifty pages, bearing the title of '*The Old White Meeting-House, or Reminiscences of a Country Congregation*;' and upon perusing its pages we are not surprised at the words 'fourth edition' which we find upon the title-page. It possesses in an eminent degree the elements of a true popularity. It is written with uniform simplicity of style, and is informed with beauty and deep feeling throughout. We propose to show, by a few segregated passages, 'what is that better way' of writing, when one would reach the hearts of his readers. We commence our extracts with some reflections upon the difference between city and country funerals:

'THERE was a simple beauty and solemnity in those country funerals that I have not observed for years. A death in the country is a widely-different event in its relations and effects, from one in the city. The other day I observed an unusual gathering at the house of my next-door neighbor, a man whom I had never known even by sight. Presently a hearse stood in front of the house, and I soon learned that it had come to take away the body of my neighbor to his burial. It was sad to think of, that I could have been living with only a thin wall between me and a brother-man, who had been for weeks struggling with disease, and who had finally sunk into the arms of death, while I had never even *felt* the tenderness of sympathy with him or his, in the days and nights of suffering and sorrow which they had known. Yet so it is in this city. Your nearest neighbors are utter strangers, and may sicken and die and be buried, and you will know nothing of it, unless you happen to be at home when the hearse comes or goes. It is not so in the country. There in L.—, when one was sick all the neighbors knew it and felt it; kindness, like balm, fell on the heart of the sufferer from every family near, and when death came, solemnity was on every heart. All the countryside, from far and near, without being *invited*, came to the funeral, and filled the house and the door-yard, and when the services were concluded, the coffin was brought out in front of the house, and the multitude were permitted to take a farewell look of the departed. Then the remains were borne away to the grave, followed by a long train, not of hired carriages, but of plain wagons filled with sympathizing friends, and the procession moved on slowly and silently, often many miles, to the place of burial. As it reached the yard, those who lived near would drop in and join the crowd that was now gathering at the open grave, and the children of the neighborhood, especially, were sure to be present at such times. Frequently have I been deeply moved by the scenes around those graves—for there in the country, nature revealed itself in its simple power—and the deep but half-stifled groan that has come to my soul when the first clods fell on the coffin, was as if they fell on the warm breast of a sleeping friend. We see no such funerals here in this great city—itsself a mighty charnel-house.'

Well do we remember the first funeral we ever saw in the country, when at the age of five years. It filled the hearts of the two little twin-brothers who followed hand in hand after the slowly-moving bier, borne upon men's shoulders, with wonder and awe. The very smell of the first coffin we ever beheld, and the sound of the first grave-clod we ever heard, we can recall at this moment with the most vivid recollection.

We cite the annexed, simply because it is a most graphic description of a scene which also occurred in our native town in the country. It should be premised that a great excitement exists in the community, a report having arisen that a grave in the peaceful church-yard had been violated, and the lifeless tenant carried off by the doctors :

'THE appearance of the grave led to suspicion that there had been foul play. It was examined, and the suspicions were found to be too true. The body of a girl some fourteen years of age, of respectable family, had been stolen from the sepulchre to be cut up and made into a 'natomy,' as the people expressed it. The whole town was aghast. Such an outrage had never been heard of in that part of the world, and the good people could scarcely believe that such monsters lived, as men who dig up corpses to hack them in pieces. They met in righteous indignation, and appointed a committee of investigation, who never rested till they got upon the trail of the hyenas ; they never rested till the perpetrator of the deed was in prison. . . . THESE events naturally led to great apprehensions respecting other graves, and many were searched by anxious friends, who now watched the tombs with more vigilance than did the guards set over the holy sepulchre. The impression became very strong that a certain grave had been robbed. It was the grave of a lovely woman, the wife of a drunkard ; and the fact that he was dead to all feeling, and consequently would not be likely to care what became of the body of his wife, seemed to confirm the grounds of suspicion, and finally it was determined to make the examination. It was the afternoon of a warm day in the midst of summer, when I, a mere child then, was attracted into the yard by seeing a number of men around a grave. I soon learned what was going on, and creeping between the feet of those who were standing nearest, I was soon immediately over the head of the grave which they had now opened down to the coffin. Having cleared off the earth and started the fastenings of the lid, which were all found secure, they raised it, and the full light of the sun flowed upon the most horrid spectacle which my eyes before or since have seen! . . . I waited not for a second look, but ran from the spot in awful terror, and have, from that time, had an image of 'death's doings,' which I never could have obtained but for the loathsome revelations of that grave-yard scene. These are not the things that I intended to record of that hallowed spot. Yet they are, perhaps, among the most vivid impressions that I retain of it ; unless it be my fears to pass it alone after dark! And I should as soon have thought of setting fire to the church, as of playing within the enclosure. I looked upon it with reverential awe as 'God's acre ;' and I wish with all my heart that the feelings of regard for sacred places, and times, and things, which we felt in our childhood, might return.'

There is a good deal of very faithful limning in the sketch of '*Our Minister*.' He illustrated, in his own person, the extraordinary sacredness with which young minds in the country invest the parson. 'That he ever sinned,' says our author, 'I never supposed ; and if any one had mentioned any thing to his disadvantage in my hearing, it would have shocked me very much as it would now to hear of a peccadillo in an angel.' We like an independent pastor, and 'our minister' seems to have been one : 'The pastor *was* the pastor. As shepherd of the flock, it was his office to watch over them and keep them, as far as in him lay, from wandering into dangerous ways, and from the covert or open assaults of enemies who go about, like their master, the devil, seeking whom they may devour. And when any one or any dozen of the *sheep* took it into their heads that they knew more about the proper mode of managing the flock than the *shepherd* whom the LORD had sent to tend them, they soon found that they had mistaken their calling, and would consult their happiness and usefulness by quietly minding their own business.' We are glad that 'our minister' was not

— 'Too great and good
For human nature's daily food.'

The first pastor of *our* boyhood was frightfully holy. Notice that 'the minister was coming' would send us little people up stairs in a twinkling. It might with truth be said, in Yankee phrase, that he was 'a *dreadful* good man.' He was a well-meaning, half-educated, very dull, and uncommonly 'protracted' preacher, and we have no doubt he has 'gone to his reward.' It has come to be seen, we are glad to say, in these latter days, that a lugubrious face, a sepulchral voice, and a smileless countenance, are not the necessarily outward signs or significant concomitants of that religion which 'maketh *glad* the heart of man' and inspires him with the hope of glory. There is something very affecting, as we have already shown, in the writer's visit, after years of absence, to the old meeting-house. These are his first thoughts :

'Come from your graves, old men and women of my native parish; come, stand up before me, while I draw your portraits and write your history! But they come not! Of all that were the men and women grown when I was a boy, how few of them are there now!' No one knows him; some bow, indeed, as is the country custom to all, but there is no smile of recognition. The meeting-house itself has a new fashion, but that is nothing to the change in the faces of the people, those 'old familiar faces.' They are gone—all gone! From among the reminiscences of '*Scenes and Characters in the Meeting-House*' we select the following. The first is a rebuke of what, on the score at least of good taste, if nothing else, was always our aversion:

'ONE Sunday, there was a family in church from the far city of New-York. They had come up there to visit some country relations, and two or three of these gay city girls burst out laughing in the midst of the sermon. The cause was this: the old aunt whom they had come to visit had stopped in at one of the neighbors on the way to church, and had borrowed some little yellow cakes, called *turnpikes*, and used, I believe, for some purpose or other in baking bread. She had thrust them into her work-bag, which she carried on her arm, and during sermon, having occasion to use her handkerchief, she drew it forth suddenly, and out flew the '*turnpikes*,' rolling and scampering over the floor. The city girls tittered at this, as if it were very funny. Their seat was on the side of the pulpit, so that the pastor did not see them, or he would have brought them to order by a look, or a blow on the desk, which would have sent the blood out of their cheeks, though their cheeks would have been *red* after that. But JOSEPH BUTLER saw them, and rising in his seat, struck with his psalm-book on the top of the pew; the preacher paused; the congregation sat dumb; the good elder spoke, calmly, but with energy: '*Those young women will stop that laughing in the house of God!*' They did stop; the pastor proceeded; JOSEPH sat down, and the city girls gave no occasion for the exercise of summary church discipline during the remainder of their summer visit.'

The second is a picture of a personage not altogether uncommon, we fear, in the country meeting-houses of the present day. We remember us of more than one church-gossip, such as is described below:

'I wish you could see old Mrs. SNIFFLE, the gossip of the congregation, in her rounds of absorption, fastening herself upon every one, to take in, like a sponge, whatever they would impart, that she might have the sweet satisfaction of leaking it to others. Her harvest time was at the close of the morning service, when the most of the people remained in their respective pews to eat their dinner, which those from a distance brought with them. This was the favorable moment for Mrs. SNIFFLE's expedition, and darting out of her own seat, she would drop in at another, out with her snuff-box, pass it round, and inquire the news. Staying just long enough to extract the essence of all the matters in her line to be met with there, she would make all haste to the pew of some one from another neighborhood, where she would impart the information she had just received, with her own edifying comments, pick up as many additional fragments of facts as she could find, and pass on to another pew, spending the whole of the interval of divine worship in this avocation, and the leisure of the week to come in spreading among her neighbors these items of news, especially such as come under the head of scandal. It is only just to the people, however, to add, that Mrs. SNIFFLE was a black sheep in the flock; there was not another like her; and we may well say, 'Happy is that people which is so well off as to have only one Mrs. SNIFFLE!'

'Our Singing Schools' would do no discredit to the historian of 'PETER CRAM, of Tinnecum,' a narrative which we hope and trust our author has encountered. If not, he shall be furnished with one, 'on application to this office.' Deacon SMALL, 'a very large man, who could sing nothing but bass, and that very basely,' had sung *tenor*, and 'led the singing' for ten years, until those of the congregation 'whose nerves were not made of steel wire' began to take steps for improving the music. The deacon, who was as jealous of his prerogative as was Mr. JONAS WEATHERBY of Tinnecum, said, that 'for *his* part, he should be glad to do any thing reasonable, and he had sometimes thought the singing would be better if the young folks would come together once a month or so and practise the tunes with him; he would give his time for nothing, and perhaps something might be done.' 'But this,' says our historian, 'was not the thing. The deacon's singing was as bad as the choir's, in fact worse; for what he lacked in skill and taste he made up in volume; and his voice, in a part for which it had no fitness, would swell above all the rest, so as to make such dire music as no gentle ears could endure without grievous pain, causing strong temptations to *feel wrong* even in church. When therefore the reformers heard that Deacon

SMALL proposed to drill the choir into harmony, they thought of hanging up their own harps; for the deacon's instructions could manifestly avail nothing but to make bad worse.' A new singing-master was at length procured, a war broke out between the 'Fors' and the 'Againsts' of that measure, and the result was, that a lasting feud arose between the contending parties in the congregation. We quite agree with our author, that 'it is intolerable that God should be mocked with such 'praise' as is offered to him in some of our country churches;' and yet we could well wish that in some of our city churches a few of the good old country tunes might be sung to the words, at least, with which they have been so long associated. It grieves us always to hear the wedded lines of 'Windham' (a grand old tune, dear Sir, in all its 'parts,') 'Alesbury,' 'Florida,' and the like, sung in our churches to a species of undefinable, operative, 'difficult' music, which one cannot help wishing was not only difficult but impossible. There are some things in the chapter on '*Old-Fashioned Revivals*,' concerning which we should be glad to have our present 'say:' perhaps we may recur to the subject, for it is a fruitful one, hereafter. The pictures which ensue, of 'Spinning-Bees,' 'Country Weddings,' etc., 'RICHARD ROGERS's First Sermon,' and 'The Dismissal of Mr. ROGERS,' are exceedingly graphic, and will well reward perusal. But we are 'at the end of our tether,' at this present writing.

THE LESSONS OF ART: CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, THE AMERICAN PORTRAIT-PAINTER. In the literary department of the last number of that truly national work, '*The Gallery of Illustrious Americans*,' under the head of '*Glances at our Artists*,' there is a well-written and discriminating article upon CHARLES L. ELLIOTT, who stands by the universal verdict of the public and the concessions of his brother artists at the very head of his profession of portrait-painting. We have read the article to which we have alluded with so much pleasure, and it contains so many valuable lessons for young artists, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote from it a few passages, for the edification of our readers. Following an interesting description of his subject's early history, while living in the country, and the artistical 'bent' and practice of his boyhood, we find the subjoined:

'He came to New-York, with an introduction to Colonel TRUMBULL, who had at the time a studio in the Old Academy of Fine Arts, of which he was then President. The Colonel examined all his drawings, and one or two of his essays in oil, and then strongly advised him to give up all idea of being a painter, and apply himself to architecture. 'I do this,' said the Colonel, 'for two reasons. You don't seem to me to possess so much genius for painting as for architecture; and you will make a better living in this country by the latter profession. America will yet be a great field for the architect, and you certainly indicate uncommon talents that way.' ELLIOTT replied that he had gratified all his architectural ambition up in the country, and was fully determined, and had been, ever since he was ten years old, to be a painter, and live or die by that business. It was very natural for Colonel TRUMBULL, on the evidence he had before him of ELLIOTT's drawings, to give him this advice; for he had never practised any department of art with the slightest care, except that of architectural drawings; and we have been assured by those who saw these early works, that they were admirable in their design and execution.

'Let me dissuade you from that resolution, my young friend,' continued the Colonel, 'by the history of my own life. I have devoted many years to my art, and, in my career, you can judge what you may hope for, if you are even very successful. I have, it is true, received some commissions from Congress for national pictures; but this was only a piece of good luck. Aside from this, what can I say? I have painted a great many pictures that have been praised by connoisseurs and amateurs and artists; and yet you see hanging around this room nearly all the works on which I have expended the principal energies of my life. People come and admire them, and go away; and yet here are nearly all the pictures of almost half a century of labor. I am now an old man, and time and disappointment have chilled my ambition. I have waked from the dream of life, and its reality, death, is looking steadily on me. My principal solicitude now is, to make some good disposition of this Gallery, which I think will yet have value even in the estimation of my own countrymen. I must take time to look about me, to see if I have friends enough in the world to give these pictures to.'

'This was said,' ELLIOTT has remarked, 'with a sad feeling. He seemed to feel that the world had not done him justice, and I have long felt so myself; but, although I could hardly help weeping at the sight of the gray-haired painter, grown sad and perhaps misanthropic by disappointment and neglect, yet it did not discourage me much. I thought the world would treat other painters better, and I was determined to run my chance. Seeing me resolute, he said he would transgress the rules of the Academy, which admitted students only during the winter, and allow me to visit the Antique Gallery. He had a good deal of leisure time, and would give me instruction in drawing, and furnish me the necessary apparatus. I began immediately, and I am happy to say that he more than redeemed his pledge. I owe much to the good old man, and I shall always be proud to own it.'

After remaining several months with TRUMBULL, vigorously prosecuting the study of drawing, and evincing great progress, ELLIOTT went to study with QUIDOR, a fellow-pupil with JARVIS and the lamented INMAN. Here for a time, and 'for bread and butter,' he employed himself in copying prints in oil, but at length began to paint portraits, at such prices as he could command. It was at this period, too, that ELLIOTT painted a grand composition 'called and known' by the name of '*The Battle of Fort Christina*,' drawn from IRVING's inimitable history of it in his KNICKERBOCKER's history; a memorable contest, which terminated, after ten hours' hard fighting, without the loss of a single man on either side! In the intervals of portrait-painting, not profitably followed 'about those days,' even by the best artists, ELLIOTT threw off two compositions of considerable merit, 'The Bold Dragoon,' and an illustration of PAULDING's 'Dutchman's Fireside,' that were exposed for sale in a shop window. TRUMBULL, who had heard nothing of ELLIOTT since he left his studio, happened to see them in the window, while walking leisurely by, in the style of a 'gentleman of the old school.' He stepped into the door, and inquired, 'Who painted those pictures?' 'ELLIOTT,' was the reply. 'Where is his room?' He no sooner heard the answer, than he hurried to the painter. He knocked softly, entered uncovered, with all the stateliness of the last century, and said to the artist, 'You can go on painting, Sir; you need not follow architecture, Sir; I wish you good day, Sir,' and disappeared. He did 'go on,' and with what a triumphant result, is well known to our readers and to the general public. The reflections of the writer upon the inadequate encouragement afforded to young and struggling artists of merit, are forcible and 'well put.' 'Let all true friends of art remember,' he says, 'that if they wish to serve an artist they must *help him when he needs help*. And when you give an artist a commission, do n't think of 'getting a good bargain,' in other words, more than your money's worth, but give him a scope for his genius, if he have any; let him give some play to his imagination; let him consult his own taste, and work out his own ideal in his own way. We join in the general regret expressed in the annexed paragraph, that our departed friend INMAN could not have lived to be 'handed down in immortal color' by the pencil of an artist the characteristics of whose genius, in more respects than one, most resembled his own:

'INMAN had none of the jealousies that so often mar the magnanimity of rival artists. He had heard much of ELLIOTT lately, and although he had known him years before, they had not recently met. It is well known of course to our readers, that long before he was called hence, his friends felt a very deep solicitude for his life, but he himself seemed to entertain the brightest hopes of his own speedy recovery. It would have been cruel to pluck from his brow those last beams of light that the kind sun was casting over it, as he went to his setting. One pleasant day he called at ELLIOTT's studio, and at the end of a long and kindly conversation, he said, 'ELLIOTT, when I shall have recovered somewhat my health and spirits, we must exchange portraits. I have never been so well painted as I desire to be. Nothing will give me more pleasure than to paint yours, except in having you execute mine.' They pledged each other that the first artistic labors they performed, when INMAN should be ready, would be this courteous exchange of the fruits of their gifted pencils. Poor INMAN pressed kindly the hand of ELLIOTT, and gave him the 'good-by' with the careless cheerfulness with which we speak when we suppose we shall meet again in a day or two. He returned to his home and never left it again. The friends of art will never cease to regret, that the two portrait painters, who so immeasurably excelled almost all others in their departments, should have thus lost the opportunity of transmitting to the future those inimitable works which they must have executed of each other, if Heaven had only given them the opportunity.'

We close our extracts from the paper upon Mr. ELLIOTT with the following observations touching his pictures, and his peculiar powers of portraiture :

'In the first place, we apprehend that it will hardly be questioned by any who have studied ELLIOTT's pictures, that one of his great attributes as a portrait painter is the extreme fidelity of his likenesses. Whenever we look on one of his portraits, we feel that he must have known not only the peculiarities of the person's face and features, but that he had read profoundly, intimately and genially, the prevailing character of his mind. In all his pictures we can read the *individuality* of the person he has painted, and not the general expression, which reminds us of some one or more individuals. We feel sure that he must have turned the head and eye in such a position as to bring out the prevailing expression by which the character of the individual would be best understood and soonest recognised by his own acquaintances.

'In the second place : Having observed that the portraits of ELLIOTT, like those of Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE and VAN DYKE, all look well, we have often inquired why this was so. Surely every body is not good-looking. We solved the mystery in the following manner : In order to produce a picture which should, while being a good likeness, make an impressive and pleasing portrait, it is necessary to resort to the liberty which art has the right of claiming, of painting the subject with the best expression he wears, and under the most favorable circumstances. It is the attribute of art, as it is of love, to usurp those golden hours of enchantment, when every smile breathes voluptuousness, when every glance flashes with the fire of passion, or the inspiration of poetry. 'There is a honey-moon in love,' is a proverb which comes from the Arabs. There ought to be some holy spot left in the heart of every man and woman, from which should beam forth on the face joyous, gleaming, touching, loving, humane, and we will even say *divine expression*, that will often clothe the faithful portrait with the charm of poetry, if there were any enthusiasm left in the heart.

'We take it then for granted, that when ELLIOTT paints a portrait, his first rule is, to make a faithful likeness, and then to make a pleasing picture. The one is gained by accurate lines, the second by a proper arrangement of light, shadow, and position, with a skillful and artistic distribution of all those little accessories which make up the sum total of the 'sunny side' of life, art and poetry.

'In summing up then what we conceive to be the popular opinion among those who are capable of judging of the merits of ELLIOTT, as a painter, it seems to us that there is a universal conviction that wherever his pencil traces a face, it is sure to follow its outline with the utmost fidelity ; to make a picture which can never be mistaken for the portrait of another person ; and then when those prime objects are accomplished, to clothe the whole with that warm, genial, and glowing atmosphere which will make the man he paints, when he looks at it, a better man ; which will inspire him with purer imaginations, higher purposes, and more exalted resolutions ; which will make him more generous in his actions, more genial in his heart, and more courteous in his manners. In a word, we mean to say that there is something in the style of ELLIOTT's painting not unlike the moral air which pervades the writings, and still more, which pervaded the manner of Dr. CHANNING, who has won for himself the fame of the largest, the most genial, the most generous philanthropy of any philosopher or scholar who has lived on this continent.'

We are sure it will be conceded, by all who have ever had an opportunity to examine any three of ELLIOTT's portraits, that the above tribute to their peculiar characteristics is as well deserved as it is felicitously conveyed. In self-evident honesty of likeness, in earnestness of expression, in geniality of feeling, in spirituality, and in deep rich flesh-tints, his paintings have few equals and no superiors. The writer speaks as follows of the picture of Captain ERICSSON, which was almost the first picture of ELLIOTT that excited the universal admiration of the visitors to the National Academy : 'It was regarded by competent inspectors and critics as one of the noblest portraits which had been executed in this country since the time of STUART, and there were not wanting those who unhesitatingly pronounced it superior to any work of that great artist.' This portrait, after the exhibition was over, was sent to Mrs. ERICSSON in London ; and we well remember the enthusiastic letter of thanks for the picture returned by that lady to her husband ; indeed, if we are not mistaken, an extract from the letter appeared at the time in these pages. Thinking at night of her husband's necessarily prolonged absence, and with that 'hunger of the heart' for his presence which that absence inspired, she would frequently rise from her bed, light a candle, and again and again survey the beloved lineaments. English artists, of the highest merit, she added, pronounced it a master-piece of art. We close this article with the single remark, that ELLIOTT, as has been said of INMAN, has 'none of the jealousy that so often mars the magnanimity of rival artists.' No man ever heard him praise his own works, on the one hand, nor detract from the merits of a brother-artist, on the other. On the contrary, the young artist has no warmer friend, and merit, however obscure, a more honest and frank admirer, than CHARLES L. ELLIOTT.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It was a *Visit of Pleasure and Patriotism* which we paid the other day, in company with an esteemed friend, to the 'Old Seventy-Six House' at the little village of Tappaan, some three miles from Piermont, and about the same distance back from the northern end of the Palisades. As we rode through the level valley, in the lap of which the little village nestles, the sun was going down behind the far-distant Shawangunk mountains, with a pomp of many-colored clouds in his train; the air came loaded with fragrance from the meadows and clover-fields; and we were made aware of that 'audible stillness' so perceptible to one whose life is passed amidst the hum and turmoil of a vast commercial metropolis. Arrived at the 'Seventy-Six House,' we reexamined the room where Major ANDRE was confined, and from which he went forth to die. But all this we have described before. Our friend and the jotter-down hereof were made happy by a present, from the obliging proprietor of the house, of two of the pictured tiles which compose a frame-work around the fire-place. Pocketing these interesting mementoes of the past, we next repaired to an old, crumbling, low-roofed mansion, once the head-quarters of General WASHINGTON. We drew rein at the gate, and passed into a little patch of meadow which lay between us and the house. It was about half-mown; the sweet-scented grass lay in swaths around; and where the mower had stopped in his labors, there lay his scythe and whetstone. Little faith had our companion that 'Old KNICK.' could deftly wield that instrument of 'Old TEMPER;' but ask him *now*! Ask him if we did n't make the little meadow resound with the cling-clang of the whetstone, and then, seizing the sharpened implement, with long sweeping strokes lay as close-cut and clean a swath around that field as he ever saw in his life? There are several things that we can't do—but we *can* mow! Well, rejoicing in the glow which that best of all exercise had given us, we next repaired to the old house. It was more than a hundred years old, and was the very personification of decay. It almost seemed tottering to its fall. We entered, and were courteously welcomed by its occupants, two elderly ladies, who were born in the house. Nothing could be in more perfect keeping with the mansion than those two women. One was nearly eighty, and the other turned of seventy; but both were most agreeably lively for persons so old, and were obligingly communicative. 'Many and many a time,' said the elder of the two, 'in this very room, has General WASHINGTON held me in his lap. I remember it just as well as if it was but yesterday. He was a most lovely man, General WASHINGTON was—lovely! Here,' she continued, going to a cupboard, 'he used to keep his 'things,' and here 's the very bowl he used to make his wine-sangaree into; and they used to pass it round from one officer to another when they 'd come to see him. He see a good deal o' company, General WASHINGTON did.' We spoke of Major ANDRE. 'Oh,' said the old lady, 'I seen him more'n fifty times. He was a handsome man, and he was a kind man. I seen him the very morning they took him onto the top of the hill to hang him. Every body felt sorry for him.' We asked how General WASHINGTON seemed to feel on that occasion. 'Oh, he must ha' felt dreadful! He walked back'ards and for'ards all that morning in this very room; and I've hear'n Pop BLAUVELT say that he never see him feel so bad afore. He kept looking at his watch every now and then, and was oneasy till the time had come, and Major ANDRE was hung. I seen Major ANDRE myself when he was a-swingin', and I seen him when he was dug up; so did *you*, too, POLLY,

did n't you? The old lady mentioned a circumstance connected with the revolution and with this spot, that struck us as interesting and somewhat instructive. The enemy, it would seem, were in the habit of coming sometimes into the rich valley of Tappaan, and driving off cattle, sheep, etc.: 'One day Pop BLAUVELT's little nigger boy JIM, hearing some of 'em coming, drove all our cattle into the swamp, and when they come up he told 'em he had n't seen no cattle, and so saved 'em. Pop BLAUVELT liked him so much for this, that he told him he might have his liberty, but JIM would n't; he stayed with him more 'n forty year a'ter that.' And thus these good old people beguiled an hour with reminiscences of the revolution, to some others of which we may have occasion to refer hereafter. Our ride home in the gloaming was made doubly pleasant by all that we had seen and heard, and we retired to rest to dream of other days, and of the 'times that tried men's souls.' . . . 'S. M.'s story of '*A Jaunt to the Wedding*' is a prose version of an old piece of poetry which we remember to have read as many as twenty years ago. PETER, with his wife seated behind him on an ass, starts for the church, but the ass, with characteristic obstinacy, won't budge an inch:

'SAYS PETER, says he, 'I'll whip him a little,'
'Try it, my dear,' says she:
But he might just as well have whipped a brass-kettle;
The ass was made of such obstinate mettle,
Never a step moved he.

'I'll prick him, my dear, with a needle,' says she,
'I'm thinking he'll alter his mind;'
The ass felt the needle, and up went his heel;
'I'm thinking,' says PETER, 'he's beginning to feel
Some notion of moving behind.

'Now give me the needle, and I'll tickle his ear,
And set t'other end too agoing;
The ass felt the needle, and upward he reared,
But kicking and rearing was all that appeared
He had any intention of doing.

'Says PETER, says he, 'We are getting on slow;
While one end is up, t'other sticks to the ground;
But I'm thinking a method to match him I know:
We'll let for an instant both tail and ear go,
And spur him at once all around.'

The result of this combined movement, this 'concert of action,' was, that the ass *did* alter his mind, for he started so suddenly that he left his load behind, in sad plight, on the ground. . . . THE following was crowded out of this department in our last number: We take blame to ourselves for not having before noticed '*The Lorgnette, or Studies of the Town*.' It is conducted, after the manner of '*The Spectator*,' by a writer who has evidently seen the world, and who wields a satirical and humorous pen with no common skill. We subjoin one or two extracts, commencing with this recipe for a male town-celebrity:

'A GERMAN, with his guttural sounds, and with his taste in music, which, by dint of foreign terms, can be very well assumed, is almost certain of being hunted down and bagged by all the good-natured celebrity mongers; and if he can scrape a fiddle daintily, or talk, with his eyes rolling to heaven, about GOETHE, or cultivate a FAUST intensity of look, he will be in demand all over the town by German-loving young ladies; and all this, notwithstanding he may drink all the small beer in the world, or smoke the filthiest of meerschaums. It is of but little account what name or position he may have held in the Fatherland: we democratize with a vengeance where a distingué sandy whisker is in the case, and our autocrats can open their doors to the veriest valet if his flugval acquiresments and naïve foreign air will but make him a taking card in the *salon*. As for the Frenchman, though now, between the valorous POUSSIN and the long-faced BONAPARTE, a little under the weather, yet a good polka education, delicate perfumes well laid on, and a roundly-uttered '*Superbe!*' and '*Magnifique!*' in a lady's ear, will do for him vast execution. And as for a genuine Cockney, in ex-

ceedingly sharp shirt-collars, straight-brimmed hat and plaid tights, who mouths his words and says 'I de-say,' and 'It's very odd,' and 'nice person,' and who talks easily about 'Victry' and 'The Duke,' he will bewitch half the women of the town. And if he can manage to drop a compliment, not too clumsily contrived, into the ear of some *respectable*, established lady, who doats upon herself, her suppers, and her equipage, he will be heralded presently in the town gossip as a 'distinguished son of Albion,' with supposed acquirements enough to make him a ten days' wonder. Of course, if a shrewd fellow, his acquaintance at home will be all be-duked and be-duchessed, and he will prove a rare trump for such ladies as turn up their noses at 'money' and who have a keen scent for 'blood.'

Here is graphically sketched a travelled lady, a subject for *salon* celebrity:

'She wears an air of most captivating impudence, and pronounces the names of a great many foreign towns unexceptionably, even to the Gaelic guttural in 'Munich.' She wears gloves from Boivin's in the Rue de la Paix, and hopes she shall never be obliged to wear any others; she subscribes to the '*Courrier des Etats-Unis*,' and criticises the American translations of French authors. She drops her cards about town, dating from the Rue Lavoisier, or de Lille, and leaves a regret with the servant that she has no American cards about her. She talks in a hurried, broken, epigrammatic way of Paris shops and *soirées*; assumes that air of easy languor which becomes the elegant *faineant* weary of admiration, and gives such interesting details of city life abroad as dazzle her beardless devotees, but which it is plain to see are picked up from a gossiping French *femme de chambre*. It is wonderful how much pretty talk of travel, and scandal of Paris life, can be accumulated from the morning chats with a little piquant grisette; and if any ambitious conversationist is desirous of lighting up her evenings with richer foreign tattle than can be gathered from any 'scissorings from foreign files,' there could scarce be a happier method hit upon than to import for private service a middle-aged, faded Paris *femme de chambre*.'

'If thou never wast at court,' says TOUCHSTONE, 'thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation.' Many of our would-be fashionables think as highly of Paris, as a school for manners, as TOUCHSTONE did of the court. Well does TIMON of 'The Lorgnette' say:

'ARE we not, under God, the administrators of a grand political, and even social experiment? and shall we not have pride enough to reckon successes by their agreement with the great principles of freedom and equality, of manly dignity and individual earnestness, rather than the factitious standards which belong to an older, and what we righteously deem a false system of polity? Let us not bow down to courts, though we have warmed our vanities in their blaze; and let us not bespeak courtly sanction, though it rise like sweet incense in our nostrils. When shall we cease to be provincial in our tastes and judgments, and begin to be American, and earnest? . . . When, in the name of heaven, are we to have an honest, simple, republican basis for our socialities, which shall not need nor ask the meretricious adornments of foreign style, and which shall reject all miserable pilferings of those trappings which belong to the lordly state of the Old World, as incapable of manly intent and a severe republican dignity? The jackdaw may steal peacocks' feathers, but they will not make him an eagle.'

'The Lorgnette' is beautifully printed, and we believe its general diffusion would exercise a favorable influence upon the town. . . . How much more pleasant is to the true heart to do good; to kindle the more gentle and noble feelings of our nature, than by misrepresentations, hints, or dark inuendoes, to break in upon long-established friendship, and disturb the feeling of years of intimacy! In all our associations, commend us to him who ever presents the sunny side of life's picture to the gaze; he who has always a 'pleasant word to speak,' and is ever disposed to fling the mantle of oblivion over the foibles of erring man. Such a man we could wear in our 'heart's core, ay, in our heart of hearts.' But from the mischief-maker, whose bosom is filled with a canker-worm, which knows no other pleasure except that which torments others, 'Good LORD, deliver us!' . . . '*Uses and Abuses of Air*,' by DR. JOHN H. GRISCOM, is the title of a volume just published by Mr. J. S. REDFIELD, Clinton-Hall. It is a treatise, by one who thoroughly understands his subject, upon the influence of air in sustaining life and producing disease; with remarks on the ventilation of houses, and the best methods of securing a pure and wholesome atmosphere in dwellings, churches, work-shops, and buildings of all kinds. The work is one of exceeding value to the public, and we look to see it obtain a circulation commensurate with the great importance of the subjects whereof it treats. . . . THESE are pathetic sentences by a modern German author, and will remind the reader of

similar thoughts in verse by the Bishop of Chichester: 'Why should I die after thee, thou faithful, good wife? Every morning and every evening I shall calculate how deep thy grave is — how much thy form is crumbled away, ere mine shall lie near it. Ah! how lonesome I am! — there is nothing to listen to me now, and *she* hears me not!' . . . '*Rambledom in Brief*,' a friend and correspondent entitles an epistle just received, dated 'Caldwell, Lake George,' and written on the sixth day of June 'instimo.' Would we were gazing at this moment upon the matchless view to be commanded from the windows of the apartment whence our friend addresses us his pleasant missive! It is just one year ago this very day, 'of all the days in the year,' since, in company with two or three cherished friends, we inscribed our names upon the window-pane 'hereinafter mentioned':

'HAVE you any recollection of diamonding your name on a nine-by-twelve pane of glass in room number 63, SHERRILL'S 'Lake House,' on the fourteenth day of June, 1849? If you were not the marker, some fellow, regarding your immortality above writing it in the sand, has thus forged your name. You see, by what is written, that I am again on the shores of our beloved and glorious Horicon, gentlest and fairest of lakes; and curious coincidence has roomed me where it did you a year ago. The fact inspires me with a delightful feeling of nearness to you. I think I hear you on the piazza, cackinating over some clever joke, while your eyes wander over balcony and lawn to drink in a pomp and beauty of mountains and waters such as old Earth hoards nowhere else. Last June you were a first guest at SHERRILL'S — SHERRILL'S the renowned — than whom was never better landlord or man. This June I am the first. The spirit of Spring, not untinged with frost, still lingers over the hills and valleys; ÆOLUS puffeth his cool breath hugely, and travel is not yet come abroad to luxuriate on the shores of Horicon; but the spirit of surpassing beauty is here, and the loss is to those who come not to drink it in. Is not the lawn before me a spot such as described by SHELLEY, where one could

— 'Lie down like a tired child,
And sleep away this life of care?'

Is not all this abounding glory of Nature, in all her elements, a fit altar-place for the beauty-loving heart? I deem it so. Whether I lie upon the lawn, cast my line among the trout, sail among isles laughing in the sunshine in the yacht 'GAYLORD CLARK,' or hold me in communion with the spirits of the old battle-fields near by, I feel the same deep joy pervade me. Could I live as now forever, that joy would be perpetual. 'Old KNICK' is held in devout as well as merry memory here. As WAGSTAFF would say, every 'suckumstans' touching his visit is noted down, and the query now is, 'When will he come again?*' SHERRILL has entirely and superbly refitted his 'Lake House' for the coming season. Every thing, from table to sleeping-room, is *comme il faut*. He is ready to welcome his friends and 'the rest of mankind' to Horicon, and such fare and such sleep as he will give can't be beat in these 'United'n States'n.' This is my *private* opinion, and I believe you can swear to it. He has engaged most of his family rooms for the season, but there are always a 'few more of the same sort left,' and nobody who is deserving will be turned away. The new steamer 'JOHN JAY,' Captain H. B. FARR, begins regular trips on the tenth instant: 'The CALDWELL' commences on the first of July. On the tenth, therefore, the lake season will be fairly open; and who will tarry in Saratoga when Horicon lies (over a beautiful plank-road) only a few miles beyond? Who will swelter elsewhere, when all is so cool at Horicon? Travellers will regret the absence of Captain LARRABEE, so long Commodore of the Lake, this season. He will tell his stories and quote the poets in some other region. All the 'boys' are at their posts: Commodore SHERRILL, Captain GALE, Lieutenant WELCH, etc., etc., all send their love to 'Old KNICK,' wishing him God-speed in every good word and work, and the writer of this 'joins in' to the same effect. Whoso wishes to see the beauty-spot of the world must come to Horicon.'

OBSERVE the touching simplicity, true feeling, and natural grouping of picturesque accessories, in the following stanzas by our old and fresh-hearted country correspondent. But for the late rainy weather, which kept the writer from planting corn, and other out-of-door avocations, we should not, it seems, have been favored with his

* Oh, pshaw! now you git ebout! 'Taint so, is it? — ED. KNICKERBOCKER.

effusion. We do not lament, with him, nor will our readers, that the 'wet cold weeks' brought out his pen and ink-horn. We are right glad it rained :

SONG: THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

BY 'THE PEASANT BARD.'

I.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often has watered his flock,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the waters a low, lapsing lullaby keep :
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain ;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

II.

The blue-bird sings sweet on the gay maple bough,
Its warbling oft cheered him while holding the plough ;
And the robins above him hop light on the mould,
For he fed them with crumbs when the season was cold :
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain ;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

III.

Yon tree that with fragrance is filling the air,
So rich with its blossoms, so thrifty and fair,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say
It would live when its planter had mouldered away :
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain ;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

IV.

There 's the well that he dug, with its water so cold,
With its wet dripping bucket, so mossy and old,
No more from its depths by the patriarch drawn,
For 'the pitcher is broken'—the old man is gone !
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain ;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

V.

And the seat where he sat by his own cottage door,
In the still summer eves, when his labors were o'er,
With his eye on the moon, and his pipe in his hand,
Dispensing his truths like a sage of the land :
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain ;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

VI.

'T was a gloom-giving day when the old farmer died :
The stout-hearted mourned, the affectionate cried ;
And the prayers of the just for his rest did ascend,
For they all lost a BROTHER, a MAN, and a FRIEND :
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain ;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

VII.

For upright and honest the old farmer was ;
His God he revered, he respected the laws ;
Though fameless he lived, he has gone where his worth
Will outshine, like pure gold, all the dross of this earth.
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain ;
No morn shall awake him to labor again.

Gill, Mass.

J. D. C.

To our conception, this is a beautiful tribute to one whose days have been spent in the peaceful pursuit of the most honorable and worthy calling to which man was ap-

pointed. 'Fewer temptations and more pleasures,' says an eloquent modern writer, 'cluster around the path and home of the farmer than of any other man. Of all earthly callings there is none in which there is so much to lead the soul to God, to take it away from the vanities of the world, to train the mind for communion with heaven, and prepare it for unbroken intercourse with heavenly and divine things, as is that of the farmer, who with his own hands tills the field, breaks up the fallow ground, sows the seed, prays and waits for the early and latter rain, watches the springing of the grain, rejoices in the ripening ear, gathers the sheaves in his bosom, and with thankful heart fills his store-house and barn, and sits down content with the competent portion of good things which have fallen to his lot.' . . . A FRIEND of ours told us the other evening that he had lately encountered a curious specimen of a *Yankee Picture-Exhibitor* in a town of the far West. Among his collection was a picture of 'DANIEL in the den of Lions,' and one of his several minute illustrations to the audience struck him as somewhat unique: 'You see,' said he, 'when you look at that fellow in the red cloak, which is DANIEL, that he do n't care a brass farthin' for the lion, and by lookin' *clust* you'll perceive that the lion do n't care a tinker's d——n for him!' That last idea never struck us before as a very remarkable part of the miracle! . . . Thus, under date of June seventh, writes a far 'down-east' friend to the EDITOR hereof: 'I have been reading your KNICKERBOCKER this morning by the open office-window. I can put my arm out of the said window and drop a stone into the Kennebec. I can look across the wide waves of this old hearty river, and what do I see? Not buildings and wharves, 'by a good deal;' but green and gloomy pine-trees, glowering into the water, in whose ebony shadows are clustered the dead bodies of their brethren, the pine-logs. How one does love and become attached to an object of nature from long familiarity therewith! I think that I love this river as I should a living, sentient being. The wind blowing in at the window is as if it were dipped in oil; there is a smoky mistiness in the air, and the songs of the 'jolly raftsmen' come faintly and with mellow richness down the waters. Down the river, abreast that bluff, are men hauling in a net, wherein I dare be sworn are the fat, stout, fifteen-pound salmon. To-morrow, an' I live, I track up a certain brook I wot of, and will essay to beguile the speckled beauties from the waters, and will try to forget certain rooted sorrows, in

'THE sweet reliefs to weariness and care
That friendly streams to fainting spirits bear.'

It is not many weeks since, slow-trickling with the still unmelted ice of far-off Maine, there 'comes us up' at the sanctum an oblong box, from the veritable hands of the writer of the foregoing, containing two trout, which were 'humbly submitted as beauties;' and beauties they were, past all peradventure. 'They are the picked and culled,' said the kind donor, 'of a little batch of thirteen which TOM L—— and I took out of 'Seven-Mile Stream,' which empties into the Kennebec about fifteen miles north-west of this place. We took them yesterday. The seven-pounder came to land compelled by the nerve of *my* right arm; the five-pounder with TOM's. They will arrive at New-York on Saturday morning, I hope fresh and in good order; they are stiff as bars of iron now. Do you know FRANK FORRESTER? If yea, tell him when you see him what a couple of youth fresh from BLACKSTONE did — albeit not 'exactly' unused to the rod and angle. The capture of them was most ineffably glorious; but I can't go into particulars, as the mail is closing. Again do I pray

that they may reach you in good order, and if you are a christian, write me and tell me how they *did* come; and *if* good, how they tasted.' '*Tasted?*'—a feast for APICIUS! One went, carefully enveloped in a white linen napkin, to 'JOHN WATERS,' best of appreciators; and the other, with its antecedent potage and subsequent courses, alternating with vinous potables in authentic, 'educated keeping,' made a repast so delicious that the savor thereof still remains as vividly in the memory of the guests at that table of ours as when they joined in pledging the kindly-thoughtful friend of its host. . . . 'I OBSERVE,' writes a Baltimore correspondent, 'in the June number of your Magazine, a translation of the '*Last Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots.*' At college, 'down-east,' we used to have the following, or something like it; although I believe nobody can claim the authorship. It has I think the merit of being tolerably consonant with the original:

'O Domine DEUS, speravi in te,
O Care mi JESU, nunc libera me:
In dura catena, in misera poena,
Desidero te,
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro impio ut liberes me!"

'O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, my hope is in THEE:
O dearest LORD JESUS, now liberate me!
In durance repining, in sorrow declining,
I long after THEE:
With sighs never ending, and knee ever bending,
I worship and pray THEE to liberate me!"

ST. BERNARD.

THE recent death of Mr. DANIEL SEYMOUR, a native and long a resident of this metropolis, involves a loss which is keenly felt and deeply lamented by a wide circle of firmly-attached friends, and by our public generally. We have known Mr. SEYMOUR for many years; he was an early and favorite correspondent of this Magazine; always a friend, and not unfrequently a kind and judicious adviser (without perhaps inferring that he was such) of its EDITOR; a young man of rare accomplishments, of various learning, and as modest as he was gifted. We fully and cordially concur in the following tribute to his memory, which we take from the '*Evening Post.*' It proceeds from the heart and the pen of one who knew him well; and we judge, from internal evidence only, that it is Mr. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK who thus truly expresses the particular and general regret at the loss of one so qualified by nature, education, and taste, to reflect honor and happiness upon himself and his friends:

"THE sudden death of this excellent and accomplished man has produced a profound sensation of grief in the large circle of his friends. He was a man of rare and extensive literary acquirements. He possessed a mind of the highest cultivation, embracing in its accomplishments an extensive and thorough knowledge of the language and literature of the nations of Europe, and an equally profound acquaintance with the classical literature and languages of antiquity. With an assiduity that never wearied, and an ambition that the temptations of easy enjoyment could never dissipate, he studied thoroughly every thing he undertook, and became, in the prime and vigor of his manhood, one of the most learned and accomplished men we have ever met. Nor did these, his varied acquirements, destroy the practical and thoroughly sensible character of his mind. Possessing the grace and refinement of the scholar, with the energy and aptitude for the ordinary purposes of life of a man of the world, he combined in an eminent degree, qualities which are rarely found among intellectual men, and which peculiarly fitted him for great and extensive usefulness. These accomplishments were united in him with an unaffected modesty that gave a charm to his character, and rendered him the idol of the circle in which he moved.

"Mr. SEYMOUR graduated at Columbia college, where he distinguished himself, and was admired for his extraordinary abilities as a scholar. He pursued the profession of the law for a few years, but relinquished it for other purposes, until ill health induced him to go abroad. While in Europe, where he spent several years of his life, he continued his studies, perfecting himself in a knowledge of the languages, nearly all of which he both spoke and wrote with remarkable precision and correctness. In a knowledge of the literature and intellectual resources of Europe, few men of his age have excelled or equalled him.

"Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance will bear witness to the truth of these remarks, and will long remember him, as the ornament of a circle in which he was admired and loved for the charms of his conversation, and the modesty and manliness of his character.

'It is much to say, that we who have known him intimately for more than twenty years, have never heard him speak evil of any man, nor at any time cease to observe in manner of speech the most refined and delicate proprieties of life. We wish that he had been more extensively known, that we might with greater efficacy offer his life as a model for the imitation of the young men around us; in his unceasing industry, which accomplished so much; the delicacy and refinement of his tastes, and in the successful attainment of the respect and admiration of all.

'Mr. SEYMOUR devoted the last years of his life to the interests of our public schools, and to other benevolent public institutions of our city. He was an active manager of the House of Refuge, and until within three days of his death discharged the duties of that station with all the fidelity and zeal of his active and benevolent mind.'

Another correspondent, in a subsequent issue of the same journal whence the above paragraphs are taken, observes:

'Mr. SEYMOUR was, as you know, highly accomplished in many branches of erudition, and in many of science. His mind was a treasury of various and exact knowledge. He spoke French so well that in Paris they only knew he was not a Parisian, and German so well, that among Germans he passed for a native of the north of their country; and in the literature of both countries he was well versed. Of ancient learning, he had so much that he might pass for a ripe scholar any where out of Germany. In mechanics and engineering, he was so much at home that he met the most experienced men in these branches of science on scarcely less than an equal footing. He had studied carefully the political and social institutions of the principal countries of Europe, their institutions of education, and the character of their people. With all his wealth of knowledge and erudition, he was not a man of the closet, but a man of business, a man of great practical good sense, and the most perfect readiness in making his acquisitions serve both the ordinary and extraordinary purposes of life. . . . He had resided much in Europe, for the benefit of his health, and had made the best use of his time in collecting information of all descriptions; but he had grown weary of the old world, and returned to live in his own country, with a sense of what he owed to it, and a benevolent willingness to be unostentatiously useful. He is taken from the community just as he was beginning to dedicate his faculties, in their highest strength and ripeness, to its service.'

These tributes through the press will express the estimation in which Mr. SEYMOUR was held by all who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. His death, by intestinal inflammation, was sudden and unanticipated. Scarcely three days before his decease he was present at a metropolitan club of gentlemen, where it was always a pleasure to meet him, and to whose interests he devoted himself with characteristic assiduity and effectiveness. As we saw the remains of the departed borne through the broad-aisle of the Episcopal church in Amity-street, near which he had lived and died, we remembered the words of the venerable PATER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA, of Vienna, which thirteen years before he had translated from the German for these pages: 'Life is like a cloud, that fantastic child of the summer, which is no sooner born than the rays of the sun begin to make an end of him. Just so our life, *vix orimur morimur*! Life is certain only in uncertainty; it is like a leaf on the tree, a foam on the sea, a wave on the strand, a house on the sand. To-day red, to-morrow dead; to-day a comfort to all, to-morrow, under the pall!' There is a pregnant lesson to the living in the death of such a man as DANIEL SEYMOUR. One feels that many and rare powers, such as his, are not destined to be lost; that faculties so wisely trained are not to be thrown into after disuse; that 'the dead, as we call them, do not so die, but carry our thoughts to another and nobler existence.' . . . 'WHILE turning over the leaves and examining the contents of 'Cosmos,' in a book-store recently,' writes an agreeable western correspondent, 'the clerk stepped up, and opening the first volume to the beautiful engraving of Baron HUMBOLDT, exclaimed, in the utmost simplicity, by way of recommending its purchase, 'A beautiful likeness, Sir, of Cosmos!' In relating this circumstance to a brother bookseller shortly afterward, he mentioned the following: A farmer, after examining his books for a long time, one day came up to him with a volume labelled on the back, 'YOUART on the Horse — SKINNER,' and asked him the price of the 'Horse-Skinner!' He was also inquired of, at another time, if he had JOSEPH CEPHAS's works, meaning, of course, the works of JOSEPHUS! . . . THE piece entitled '*Recollections of Childhood*' has some feeling and tenderness to recommend it, but it is too carelessly written to

secure it a place in the KNICKERBOCKER without more revision than we have either leisure or inclination to give it. One portion of it reminded us of these pretty stanzas of Miss H. F. GOULD'S:

'I WONDER what they have done with the pine
Where the red-breast came to sing;
With the maple too, where the wandering vine
So wildly used to fling
Its loaded arms from bough to bough,
And if they gather the grapes there now.

'I should like to know if they've killed the bee,
And carried away the hive;
If they've broken the heart of my chesnut-tree,
Or left it still to survive,
And its mossy burs are showering down
Their loosened treasures of shining brown.'

CERTAIN of our critics have laughed at our friend and correspondent, CARL BENSON, for mistaking, in his clever and trenchant reply to Hon. HORACE MANN, '*Phonetics*' for a sect, when it is merely a science. Hardly *either*; but if the former, then '*CHAWLS YELLOWPLUSH*' is the first '*Phonetic*.' His style of orthography was especially rich. '*Sumtimes*,' he says, speaking of the various treatment he received at different times from his mistress, '*Mrs. SHUM*,' '*Sumtimes I get kisis and sumtimes kiz*.' There is another '*Phonetic*' at the West, according to the Boston Post, a lazy boy, who spells ANDREW JACKSON '&RU JAXN.' . . . '*A YOUNG lady of my acquaintance*,' says a friend in a recent note to the EDITOR, '*married recently, and the mother of her husband being in very poor health, she was taken immediately home by her liege lord to nurse and take care of the 'old folks*.' In the course of a few months the mother was removed by death. The dutiful and sympathizing daughter-in-law thus expressed her grief at this event, to a company of her neighbors, who called in to take tea with her on an afternoon soon after her sad bereavement: '*Oh, dear!*' said she, '*how much I miss my poor, dear mother!*' Why, seems to me I can see her now, just as she used to sit at the breakfast-table, *reaching out her fork for the best potato!*' This reminds us of '*a man without a tear*,' a Missouri husband at the grave of his wife: '*I have lost cows*,' he said to a neighbor, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, '*I've lost sheep; I've lost hosses, and I've lost caäves*; but this is the wust of the whole lot!' . . . Looking through an old and well-selected scrap-book the other day, belonging to a friend in the country, we came across a story by the late WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, which has never appeared in any of his re-published writings. It was written, we think, when he was quite young; but it seems to us (such perhaps is our fraternal partiality) to possess more than common merit. It is entitled '*Retribution*.' We annex a single passage as indicative of its style, promising merely, that a Hessian, a violent, cunning, revengeful villain, having been repulsed by a beautiful girl to whom he had proffered his bad heart, engages an Indian to kill her as she sleeps. The closing incident is striking and picturesque:

'On the evening appointed for the nuptials of JULIETTE PERCIVAL with GEORGE LESLIE, a stranger might have discovered a flickering light on the yellow and crimson leaves of a cluster of huge ash-trees, which darkened the road-side a few hundred yards from the mansion of Captain PERCIVAL. It proceeded from a lantern, held by an old and withered Indian. As its rays fell upon his ploughed and painted visage, they disclosed a keen and restless anxiety of eye. His long hair hung in straight and damp masses on each side of his furrowed temples, and a huge *drop* depended from his nose, of silver, and shaped like the rattle of a snake. Over his close deer-skin vest, trimmed with the fur of the mink, was braided a wide wampum belt, upon which hung several scalps, of different colored hair, the melancholy relics of murdered white women and children. His whole appearance indicated a spirit familiar with blood, and thirsting for deeds of rapine and cruelty. He assumed an attitude of listening attention for a moment, and turning to the middle tree of the group, which was hollow, he exclaimed:

"*Sagweah — ah!*"

'The word was one of recognition, and the person summoned rushed out from the hollow tree before him. It was the Hessian soldier.

'Well, SLEEPLESS PANTHER,' said he, 'what did you see? Is the young soldier at Captain PERCIVAL's, and does the pale gray-head stay below?'

'Yes!' said the SLEEPLESS PANTHER. 'His house is filled with so many pale faces.' As he said 'so many,' he lifted the four fingers of his right hand. 'The dove-eyed squaw no there. She is 'sleep. They keep watch. I no kill 'em. I blind; no see good in evenin'.

'Then the deed be mine!' said the Hessian. 'Go thy ways, PANTHER. Here is money. Keep thy mouth shut and thy ears open. Go!'

'Hoo!h!' said the PANTHER, as he dropped the lantern into the hand of the soldier. 'Good by. The big cannons of MANITOU are firing in the sky. The storm-spirit is coming. I go down to my wigwam where the big lake runs.'

'The SLEEPLESS PANTHER darted away into the darkness of the woods, and the soldier was left in his solitude. A tempest had been for some time gathering in the west, and the flashes of lightning were vivid and almost incessant; while the howling of the thunder on the hoarse and cloudy wind, that sighed deeply amid the dry leaves around him, added to the dismal fearfulness of the scene. A few drops of rain were pattering on the leaves. He lifted his finger to his forehead in deep thought.

'It is decided!' he muttered to himself. 'She cannot *live* for me. To decoy her is impossible, against odds so fearful. She must *die* for me then! I have said it, and it shall be accomplished!'

'He drew from the cavity of the tree a long bright musket. It was of the kind denominated '*Queen's-arm*,' very heavy and massive in its construction. He blew out the light in his lantern, and moved toward the house which sheltered the object of his wicked solicitude.

'In the rear of his mansion Captain PERCIVAL had erected a long shed, in which were kept sundry bee-hives. The sweet produce of the summer industry of their frugal occupants compensated abundantly for this care. The shed extended some distance into the garden from the end of the dwelling, at the base of which a few vines had been planted—had grown up, and hung in beautiful festoons about the window-shutters of the chamber appropriated to Miss PERCIVAL.

'The Hessian approached the shed; he placed his gun in a water conductor which run along its humble eaves; and mounting into the branches of a peach-tree not yet disrobed of all its rich fruit, he gained the ridge of the rude shelter, and lifting his musket, walked stealthily up to the window. He drew aside the still green vines which mantled about it, and looked carefully in. It was the bed-chamber of the lovely and innocent girl, about whose steps he had hung like a hungry lion. A lamp stood on a plain but rich table beneath a mirror. Miss PERCIVAL was in prayer. Her polished shoulders were carelessly and but half invested in her shawl, and her fine chestnut hair fell in glossy waves upon her neck and bosom, as she knelt in her night dress by the bed-side, with the Bible open before her. Her little sister lay in bed; her light tresses breaking out from a lawn cap, and shadowing a fair young cheek, which seemed stained with roses. The small hands of Miss PERCIVAL were clasped together on the inspired page; and as she occasionally lifted upward her tearful and spiritual eyes, or drooped the long lashes over them in the humility of devotion, her face seemed impressed with the passionless sanctity of an angel.

'The Hessian was moved, and for some moments seemed panting in the indecision of a supernatural suspense. The storm had now arisen in its fury; the rain came down in heavy floods; while the voice of the thunder was deep and almost continual. The wide and distant landscape which surrounded the cottage would ever and anon open from afar at the glance of the lightning, only to be swallowed in a moment by the 'jaws of darkness.'

'I will do it *now*!' muttered the soldier as he drew back; 'I will send her to the God she is entreating; I shall but add an angel to heaven.' He retreated a few paces on the roof, beneath the shadow of a tall poplar, whose sere branches trembled over the shed; he raised the musket to his breast; he pointed it directly at the heart of JULIETTE PERCIVAL, and fired. The instrument missed its fire. 'Curse the gun!' he whispered, as he drew it to his side. He renewed the powder in the pan, and drew the weapon again to his breast. A motion of Miss PERCIVAL caused him to move; he slowly lifted his gun, as if to pause for a steadier hand and more composed nerve. It was but for a moment. Again he elevated the deadly engine, and proceeded to take aim. It was his last movement. In an instant the tree above him was rent and crackling in the lightning of heaven. The subtle fire struck his glittering instrument of death and crime; the barrel was fused in the fierceness of the flame; the stock was splintered into countless atoms in his hands; the red torrent rushed into his bosom; one loud groan, blended with the thunder, and the guilty soul of the Hessian was before its God!'

The young lady whose life is thus providentially saved marries her chosen lover, and the dénouement is just such as is proper in all similar cases. . . . 'C. L. E.' relates an inimitable story, which illustrates *one* kind of 'human natur'.' It is to the following effect. The scene is a cock-pit, which is a good way ahead of any personal experience of our own. There is a '*High-comb Cock* and a '*Low-comb Cock*' representing the 'high' and 'low' of 'the game,' and the warfare has begun. A few bouts, a few sharp 'digs,' and the 'sport' is at its height. 'Hoorah!' says a confident better, leaning on the railing of the pit with both elbows, and peering intently at the feathered combatants, 'Hoorah for the high-comb cock! Hoorah! Hoorah for the high-comb cock! A dollar on the high-comb cock! A negro, 'his next friend,'

accepted the challenge, and took the stake. 'Hoorah!' continued the better, 'hoorah for the high-comb cock! hoorah — for — the — high — hoorah! hoorah! hoorah!' — Here the 'high-comb cock' began apparently to get the worst of it; and the better continued more cautiously: 'Hoorah for the — for the — hoorah for the *high*' — here a severe 'dig' laid 'high-comb' for a moment on his back, and this was the turning-point: 'Hoorah,' continued our hedger, 'hoorah for the *low-comb* cock! hoorah for the low-comb *cock*! give it to him, little fellow! go it! that's right! put it into him! Hoorah for the *low-comb* cock!' And well did the 'low-comb' deserve this applause, for he 'strained out' his antagonist in the next round; and as 'high-comb' could n't 'come to time,' victory was declared in his favor. 'Well, give me the stakes,' said the hedger to the negro. 'E'yah! e'yah! guess *not*!' replied CURFEE, 'you bet on dat high-comb cock, and de money is mine!' 'No, no; did n't you hear me hoorah for the low-comb cock? Did n't I hoorah *loud* for the low-comb cock?' 'Yes, e'yah! e'yah! you did *so*,' answered the negro, 'but you *bet* on the high-comb cock, s'elp me Bon!' 'Well,' said the artful dodger, scratching his head, 'I ain't goin' to get into a dispute with you, and I do n't want to quarrel; but I tell you what I'll do; you give me my dollar, and you keep your 'n; and d — n me if I'll ever *bet with a nigger ag'in*!' And in this way a 'settlement' was effected. . . . APOLLO AND COMPANY may as well shut up shop. Their vocation is done; they are 'dead broke,' and can't pay ten cents on the dollar. 'THOMAS RANDALL, a resident of Eaton, New-Hampshire,' in his '*Farmer's Meditations and Shepherd's Songs*,' has eclipsed the whole concern, and driven them from the market. His verse is in the form of the psalms and hymns of WATTS, and the volume looks like a small sheep-skin hymn-book. We must afford our readers a taste of its contents. In the preface we are told that the writer 'may be considered by some as incapable of imparting any useful instruction to the *literati*; but let the reader of these poems be careful, and judge not rashly concerning the work. With a pleasing variety of metre, our author has composed this volume of poems, which cannot fail to *amuse* both the aged and the youth.' There *is* some amusement in the book, certainly, as we shall proceed to demonstrate. The author, in his 'introductory remarks' in verse, says of his work:

'It is design'd for to amuse,
And not design'd for to abuse;
But to awake the human kind,
And give a lustre to the mind.

'For I have pass'd from thing to thing,
Assisted by a generous spring;
My passions lighted to a flame,
While reason held a steady rein.'

We proceed at once to present our readers with a selection from Mr. RANDALL's 'various writings' in verse, in order that they may be able to judge of his great versatility in composition. Poem third, '*The Flowery Mount*,' in common metre, is on the eleventh page:

'T WAS on a distant, flow'ry mount,
I sat me down for to recount,
And call'd to mind those distant things
Which in vast creation springs:
There in pensive silence sit,
With the earth beneath my feet.

'Trees and shrubs did wave in air,
While lilies show'd a spotless fair:
Pinks and violets, it is true,
Show'd a red and crimson hue:
The grove, the orchard, and the field,
O what beauties they did yield!

'I turned my eyes for to behold —
A thousand planets round me roll'd!
While earth stood by in living green;
Beasts and birds, they might be seen;
Fish and insects, it is true;
All were present to my view.

'The ox he reared his lofty head;
The horse moved off with nimble speed;
The lambs were skipping o'er the hill;
The sheep were sipping at the rill;
The ants were grovelling in the dust:
They cull'd the worm to quench their thirst.'

On the thirteenth page commences a poem in long metre, which in vigor and strength
VOL. XXXVI.

of execution is fully equal to the preceding lines. It bears the felicitous title, '*God's Works demand Attention.*'

'WHEN we do behold both the land and the sea,
And think of their Author, how great he must be:
When we survey the valleys and mountains all
around,
We'll tune up our voices his praises to sound.

'The stars now in heaven were made by design,
And each by reflection do brilliantly shine;
They show their great Author both powerful and
wise,
Who set them all in order to beautify the skies.

'The earth, when she is clothed in her green attire,
Her complicated beauties we much do admire:
It shows the great Author both powerful and
kind,
And in his acts of wisdom is human and divine.

'The wind is now blowing, it sweeps o'er the land;
The sea is always tumbling and dashing on the
sand;
The fishes they are sporting and skipping in the
sea,
Or in the briny ocean, wherever they be.

'The beauties of nature I positive declare,
They fill us all with wonder, for every thing is
rare;
The lovely pear and apple, the peach and cherry
too,
Whose taste is most delicious and pleasant for
to view.

'The wheat, corn and barley, that grow both rank
and good,
Potatoes, rye and onions, are quite delicious food:
The earth it will support them and keep them
by her side,
And constantly defend them from the old roar-
ing tide.

'The earth is our mother, with her ten thousand
springs;
She opens wide her bosom, and round her bless-
ings flings;

She will support her children, right from one
common stock:
They feed upon her bounties, and round her
body flock.

'Her sons they are various in every state and clime:
The orange tree of India, the lemon and the lime:
The cocoa tree beside them, it is both tall and
trim;
While lovely nuts are growing and gracing every
limb.

'The earth she is generous to all her sons of need;
She nurses them with caution, and will preserve
their seed:
Her sons they are various in every state and clime:
She paints them with good colors upon the shores
of time.

'The lily and rosy, the pink and violet too,
She paints them with good colors, which makes
them fair to view:
Some have rosy faces, and some are blue or white,
And all present good graces for to enchant the
sight.

'Earth opens wide her bosom, she nurses every
child,
And to their wanting appetites is ever good and
kind:
Her joys they are moderate, and in her sorrows
mute;
She gives them all good juices, still working at
the root.

'She is a fruitful mother, likewise a constant
bride,
And heaven is her husband, now standing by her
side;
He blesses her with breezes and sends her light
and heat,
And water in a plenty to wash her humble seat.'

A striking poem, in irregular short-metre, may be found on page sixty-sixth. It is entitled '*Matrimonial Comforts.*' We annex two powerful stanzas:

'WHERE husband and wife do agree,
And never give passion the reins,
Their comforts will flow like the sea,
And save them much trouble and pains.

'If nought but a dinner of herbs,
Contentment will sweeten the meal,
Exceeding a feast of the herds,
Where hatred is nipping the heel.'

MR. RANDALL visits '*Prodigals*' with the entire weight of his 'lofty' arm. What a picture he do draw of 'em! Listen:

'How lofty and proud is their talk!
Their necks they refuse to bend;
Quite often we find in their talk
Some bitter expressions they send.

'The prodigal sons, to be sure,
Do ever give loose to their rein;
Despising all counsel that's pure,
Their filthy designs for to gain.

'They pompously whiff the cigar,
And swell at the snap of the whip;
Sweet parental feelings they mar,
And every endearment they nip.

'When parents are said to be rich,
Great treasures are laid up in store;
How this does their children bewitch,
When they do those treasures explore.'

'*The Cholera*' proved a theme suitable for the 'lofty' reach of MR. RANDALL's muse. The effect of that dread epidemic in this city was as follows:

'New-York city, I've been told,
This contagion through it stroll'd,
Let its deadly vengeance fall,
Laid them lifeless by the wall.

'Wit and beauty were defied;
Wealth and honor push'd aside;
No distinction could be plead
To save them from a dying bed.

'The doctors each began their drill,
Tried the force of lance and pill;
Physic in profusion flow'd,
Stomachs fill'd and bowels stow'd.

'Noble means were well applied,
And the wisest skill was tried,
But abortive mostly proved:
Cholera like a giant moved!

Very touching, in 'Poem xcviij,' are the '*Remarks on the Death of Miles Shorey.*'
'They breathe the very spirit of'—THOMAS RANDALL. We quote six random stanzas, the best in the 'poem':

'WHEN accidental death appears,
'T is doleful to the eyes and ears
Of all who hear the solemn sound,
And see processions forming round.

'When accidental death takes place,
Soft tears bedew the friendly face;
Like crystal pearls run trickling down,
With sighs and sobs upon the ground.

'MILES SHOREY, fifteen months of age,
In haste has quit his favorite stage,
By oil of vitriol spill'd on him,
And was consumed by the flame!

'This child, who suffer'd by this fire,
His father's name was NEHEMIAH,
Who is a real friendly man:
His loving mother's name was ANN.

'To gratify his childish wish,
He spill'd the oil upon his flesh;
Ran o'er his frame in various ways,
And swept him off within three days!

'But MILES — we hope his spirit flies
In purer climes beyond the skies;
Finds pleasure far beyond the jar,
With vitriol fire his face to mar.'

MR. RANDALL, in his closing 'poem,' which he impiously dedicates to his 'Heavenly FATHER,' tells us:

'THOUGH my writings are not handsome,
Yet some beauties may be seen;
And if never termed handsome,
Every rank they may convene.

'Fit for saint and fit for sinner,
Fit for all the world at large;
Giving each or all a dinner,
If from it do not emerge.'

'What I've wrote and what I've spoken,
Much of it is rare and new;
And it is a real token
Lifted up to public view.

'It's a sign to every party,
That is round earth's mole-hill;
This I write both pure and hearty,
It's designed for one and all.'

We must now take reluctant leave of our great poet, with the assurance, that in our humble opinion he is a stupid, ignorant ass. There is not a single decent *unstolen* verse or line in his whole book of two hundred and fifty pages. Second only in inanity to the writer of the execrable doggerel that makes up the contents of this volume, is MR. BENJAMIN R. JORDAN, who *edits* it, and makes it still more ridiculous by the specimen which he gives us of *his own* powers of composition. RANDALL and JORDAN! '*Par nobile Fratrum!*' . . . We had proposed to ourselves the consideration, in the present number, of several pictures in the *National Academy of Design*; but the great length of several of the articles in the body of our Magazine has compelled us to omit much that we had prepared for insertion in this department. We had dwelt at some length upon the great pictures of DURAND, the first of our landscape-painters, as well as upon the well-conceived and executed works of KENSETT and CHURCH. MR. THOMAS DOUGHTY must look to his laurels, for he is about being eclipsed in his own field by the younger members of his beautiful profession. MR. DOUGHTY has two clever pictures in the collection, which have less of the *mannerism* that has characterized his previous efforts; a mannerism which, in our humble judgment, greatly lessens the value and interest of a picture from his pencil. Speaking of painting, by-the-by, reminds us to say, that MR. HENRY J. BRENT, the distinguished landscape-painter, has now upon his easel, at his residence in South-Brooklyn, two of the finest paintings we have ever seen from his facile pencil. We know of no modern artist whose improvement has been so marked as that of Mr.

BRENT. His clouds, aerial perspective, distances, and especially his foliage, in these later pictures from his hand, are very rarely surpassed. His landscapes command a ready sale, at his own prices, which we may add are by no means extravagant. . . . We perceive, from a passage in the last letter of the able London correspondent of the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal, that 'ANDERSON, the Tragedian,' who had taken Drury Lane Theatre, has been compelled to close that establishment, through the influences of 'old pieces, an inefficient company, and a most egotistical reliance upon his own powers.' ANDERSON himself, however, as it appears, charges his failure upon the 'vitiated tastes of the public and the machinations of his enemies.' 'Vitiated tastes of the public!' The truth is, ANDERSON in this country was an actor of 'tertiary formation,' geologically speaking. He had no *genius* — not a particle: he had 'stage talent' merely, with a thin varnish of *borrowed* 'genius;' and hence the man was never lost in any character he assumed. We heard him several times, and our first impression of him was confirmed and strengthened by all we afterward saw of him. The '*Courier*' mentions an instance of personal ingratitude on the part of Mr. ANDERSON which does him little credit. It is precisely such men, however, whom a transient, ill-based reputation inflates and lifts above the memory of the lower rounds of the ladder, from the insecure heights of which they so soon 'topple down headlong.' We remember a kindred instance of 'bad taste,' to say the least, in Mr. ANDERSON. We were dining with a party of friends at the table-d'hôte of the Astor House, and chanced to be seated in the near vicinity of Mr. ANDERSON, who had received from several kindly-meaning but not perhaps sufficiently self-respectful persons invitations to take wine with them. They had perhaps seen him in 'the mimic scene' at the Park Theatre the night before, and wished to pay him a compliment. *Kindness* certainly was intended; and therefore it was that our estimate of Mr. ANDERSON's appreciative gratitude for a well-meant courtesy was effectually established, when we heard him say to the servant, who had presented a gentleman's wine to him, looking at the circle of glasses around him, 'What did you say *your friend's* name is?' That insolent, snobbish question should have gone back with the bottle. . . . MESSRS. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND have issued, in a large and handsome volume, a third edition of '*The Literary Remains of the late Willis Gaylord Clark*.' It contains the 'Ollapodiana' papers, various other miscellaneous prose-sketches, and his poetical writings, together with a memoir of his life, criticisms upon his writings, etc. . . . WILL some reader oblige us with the name of the writer of the ensuing stanzas? They were lodged in our memory many years ago, and we have quite forgotten, if we ever knew, the name of the author. The lines bore as a motto the aspiration of the sacred poet, 'Oh that I had the wings of the dove, that I might flee away and be at rest!'

'So prayed the Psalmist to be free
From mortal bonds and earthly thrall;
And such, or soon or late, shall be
Full oft the heart-breathed prayer of all;
And when life's latest sands we rove,
With faltering foot and aching breast,
Shall sigh for wings that wait the dove,
To flee away and be at rest.

'While hearts are young and hopes are high,
A fairy dream doth life appear;
Its sights are beauty to the eye,
Its sounds are music to the ear;
But soon it glides from youth to age;
And of its joys no more possessed,
We, like the captive of the cage,
Would flee away and be at rest.

'Is ours fair woman's angel smile,
All bright and beautiful as day?
So of her cheek and eye the while,
Time steals the rose and dims the ray;
She wanders in the spirit land,
And we, with speechless grief oppressed,
As o'er the mouldering form we stand,
Would gladly share her place of rest.

'Beyond the hills, beyond the sea,
Oh, for the pinions of a dove!
Oh, for the morning's wings to flee
Away and be with those I love!
When all is fled that's bright and fair,
And life is but a wintry waste,
This, this at last must be our prayer,
To 'flee away and be at rest.'

GEORGE H. BOKER, Esq., author of '*Calaynos*' and '*Anne Boleyn*' has, we are informed by a literary friend, finished a new tragedy, which will be produced before publication. We are not at liberty to give the name of his last production, but from what we know of Mr. BOKER, we can assure his many admirers that it will not disappoint their expectations. Our opinion has already been expressed, that he is not only the first and only truly dramatic poet in America, but one of the first of modern times. Strong, idiomatic and terse, full of sweetness and pathos, his plays are no less remarkable for their poetry than for the deep insight into human nature, and the thorough knowledge of stage business and scenic effect, which they evince and demonstrate. . . . THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, the poet and artist, has recently sailed for Europe for the benefit of his health. Mr. READ intends making the tour of England, Germany, Italy and Greece, writing letters by the way for the '*Tribune*' daily journal. He has our best wishes for a pleasant tour and a speedy recovery of his wonted health. . . . A good deal amused to-day in the perusal of a note from a genial and cordially-esteemed friend. We annex a passage which we conceive 'too good to be lost:' 'Since I saw you last I have written a poem upon 'Happiness.' I will not trouble you with the whole of it, but merely give you the four lines which I consider best, by way of sample, viz:

'He drained the cup of happiness,
When flowing to the brim,
And turned the cup the wrong side up —
What was there left for him?'

'Now I am not insensible to the criticisms which may be made on these four lines: As for instance, that they should be divided into five parts, more or less; nor do I fail to see that they are liable to the same misconstruction which I put upon the act of KAVANAGH, when 'he sat down on a *mossy trunk* (which gave way beneath him) and crumbled into dust.' In my poem it is left doubtful whether the cup of happiness or the hero of the tale himself was the thing flowing to the brim. It may be argued that the cup of happiness could not be drained when or while flowing to the brim. This would seem conclusive that it must have been the man who was flowing in this unusual manner. But then if *he* were flowing to the brim how could he hold any more? — much less drain an entire cup? Upon the whole, although I wrote the poem, I am at a loss how to decide this question, and waive the whole criticism entirely. What *I* look at is the admirable sentiment of these lines, and the action of the man himself. He not only drained dry the cup of happiness at a draught, but to render the thing conclusive:

'He turned the cup the wrong side up.'

Of course, here is for him an end of the whole matter, as one would naturally suppose. In fact, the poem goes on to say, that such was the remark of certain intermeddlers who were attending to this man's concerns instead of their own:

'But soon a wonder came to light
That showed the rogues they lied.'

He turned the cup the right side up, had it filled again, and *now* he did not toss it off at a single throw, as did the friend of JOHN WATERS his glass of 'Scuppernong wine,' but quietly sipped it through the long straw of a strict morality, and at last in the maturity of his age, was gathered to his fathers in peace, leaving a few drops of the precious liquor in his cup, just sufficient to tell what had been in it. This poem,

in my judgment, is altogether beyond the age, and therefore I have transmitted it directly to the 'latest posterity;' and I fear that in my haste, I may have sent it a little beyond the mark. In short, it is *burnt!* The day after I left you I went to Cape Cod. There I stopped at a beautiful place within a few rods of two crystal ponds in which the owner assured me were at least a million of spotted trout, weighing from two pounds downward, all of which he gave me permission to 'take, carry away and convert to my own use.' There are boats in which you can be conveyed in twenty minutes to the sea, and when there, you can catch any quantity of blue fish, tautog, etc., while your boatman are gathering for you the fattest oysters. When shall we go there? Answer the question. Rely upon me that this is no fiction, like that tale about the cup of happiness.' When we go 'down east,' which we hope at some period during the summer to do, there be many places which we shall hope to visit — and Cape Cod (in the 'good company' of our correspondent) is of them. . . . 'CAN you inform a lady-friend,' writes a northern correspondent, who is the author of the lines :

'THE church-yard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair?'

Yes, Madam; they are by HENRY NEELE, an English poet, long since dead. They are from a poem entitled '*An Ode to Memory*,' with the motto from Job, 'Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' We give the stanzas entire:

'AND where is he? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form beloved he marks no more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see:
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair — but where is he?

'Ah, no! the radiance is not dim,
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as fair —
Neglected must his garden be;
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, 'Where is he?'

'His was the pomp, the crowded hall,
But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame — but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Protected by the circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong — oh, where is he?

'The church-yard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they, and where is he?'

An old and true friend has been so good as to forward to us an account of the services at the recent *Dedication of the Reformed Dutch Church, of Syracuse, New-York*; an edifice whose architectural beauty is an ornament to the flourishing city to which it owes its erection. The Sabbath on which it was dedicated was one of remarkable brightness and purity; the 'solemn courts' of the beautiful temple were crowded with members of the church and other auditors, and the services were of the highest interest. In the evening a sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. DEWITT, of this city, who seems to have won all suffrages by his fervor and eloquence. His text was in PAUL's words: 'Nevertheless I am not ashamed, for I know in whom I have believed, and I am persuaded that HE is able to keep that which I have committed unto HIM until that day.' We annex a brief sketch of this discourse in the words of our friend. It has in it, to our conception, the materials of a great moral picture, such as COLE's '*Voyage of Life*,' or such as might be, and indeed has been, painted from the '*Pilgrims' Progress*' of BUNYAN:

'AFTER soliciting a clear perception of the light he desired to throw upon the subject, namely, the *light of the soul*, by which he meant, not the light of reason or nature, the light by which we perceive the relations of *material* with spiritual things, but the light by which we recognise our com-

munion with God, and the relations of 'spiritual things with spiritual;' the light by which, through faith, we receive hidden truths with a stronger and clearer conviction than by the other light we receive natural truths through the media of analogies and syllogisms and demonstrations; thus describing the light, he proceeded to paint a noble picture of gospel, evangelical religion; one which opened to my soul fuller, more sustaining, and more sublime conceptions of the plan of salvation than I have ever received. He pictured in the back-ground, with a free, bold pencil, the mountains of sorrow and sin on which the wicked stumble; in the deeper distance the fierce thunder-storms of wrath; and nearer to the light, on the other side, the rugged paths of life, with varying scenes; here a verdant meadow, bright in the sunlight, and there a craggy mountain, swept by storms and covered with precipices; here a rill, and there a torrent; here a thoughtless throng, and there a mourning family; here a congregation of defying blasphemers, and there an humble publican; until, reaching the free, broad fore-ground, he spread a light upon the canvass that seemed fresh from Heaven, and introduced a sublime portrait of the REDEEMER, reclining, amid the green pastures and by the still waters of salvation, with a little child (awhile ago weary and penitent, but now reposing with a peace that passeth understanding) in the arms of His eternal love. And as he touched the last finished line of its beautiful form, he alluded to its significance of that faith which is the only condition of the bestowment of the knowledge that 'maketh wise unto salvation.' And yet the magnificent painting was not finished. He here turned again to the middle-ground, and posing his pencil a moment, proceeded to sketch among the worldly multitude, and amid the rugged paths, the form of a manly pilgrim, steadily and cheerfully pursuing his journey; once the child in the foreground, but now the resolute and confiding apostle, who, though passing through clouds of affliction and persecution that darkened his way, still knew in whom he had believed, and was sure that the great bright orb revolved with as broad a disk and a light as exhaustless and pure as when first it shone on its way to Damascus. Having now finished his spiritual picture, with great dignity of emotion he held it up plainly before his hearers, and with words of tender and manly eloquence exhorted them to become first as a little child, then as the steadfast apostle.

We can well conceive the effect which our eminent townsman would create by his treatment of such a theme; and we are glad to be enabled to present this 'picture in little' of his eloquent discourse. . . . If ever there was a day that was 'marked with a white stone' by us, it has been this. This morning, after reading our proofs at the printing-office, we repaired to the publication-office, took our unopened letters and documents, and soon after found ourselves seated in a nice phæton, with two native townsmen, school-companions, friends of our boyhood, crossing the Fulton ferry, for a day on Long-Island. The day was the purest of June days; the air came cool and refreshing from the west; each one of us felt that juiciness of heart which belongs to true, unselfish communion with friends whose 'adoption' has been 'tried;' and we each felt an 'out-going' toward each, which can *only* be felt — it cannot be described. But let us, as we ride through flourishing Brooklyn, (airy New-York that she is, and 'nothing else,') open our letters; 'white-winged messengers, commissioned by Friendship, with tidings from the absent' — the first from 'H. W. L.,' whose words we have quoted; the second from ELLA, first daughter of the house of KNICK; the third from 'F. W. S.,' genial, LAMB-like, cordialest of good friends; the fourth from 'W. B. G.,' in far-off Maine, for all the world likeliest unto his corresponding predecessor, and his epistle a counterpart of his heart; and, not to pursue the list farther, a missive from 'T. McG.,' appreciative, frank, strong-minded, sensitive-hearted, humorous 'McG.,' these in one morning 'lot' of letters, and in such pleasant 'keeping,' were things to be remembered — and they *will* be. Well, as we rode, 'we could not choose but talk,' as WORDSWORTH says; and by-the-by, one of our friends talked of WORDSWORTH too, for it had been his happy fortune to meet the good old man at Rydal Mount, of which, and of what else he there saw and heard, he has promised us some account hereafter. As we rode on, we brought up in long review the incidents of our school-days; of the time when he, 'J. B. B.,' was wont to bear letters to and from 'Old KNICK's' first

love, the 'general male delivery' being effected while passing out of the recitation room, and the *female*, through the leaves of a borrowed book. It was but for a moment only that we thought of a beautiful stanza in 'The Morning Watch':

'Oh! the happy days of boyhood!
Oh, the days that are no more!
Oh the years that push us onward,
Far and farther from that shore!'

It would have been ingratitude to a beneficent PROVIDENCE not to have come speedily back to the matured joys of the 'glorious Present.' Passing Fort Greene, where scores of Irishmen with wheel-barrow are daily trundling off the sacred soil thrown up in days of yore by the 'patriotic diggers,' wherewith to de-'grade' the streets of our daughter-city, we journeyed leisurely on, 'beguiling the way with much pleasant discourse,' until we reached 'SNEDECKER's,' near the 'Union' race-course; SNEDECKER's — the most perfectly-appointed, best kept country-inn which it has ever been our good fortune to visit. Our friend before-mentioned had come hither from the country to examine the stud of 'eminent' horses here assembled, with a view to a comparison with his own; 'HENRY CLAY,' 'STATE OF MAINE,' and other like personages, whose 'fame is the common property of the ked'ntry.' An hour was pleasantly passed in the best horse-society to be attained to — at 'the North,' at least; although, as a general thing, the palm of distinguished personal appearance must be awarded to the males rather than the females in 'the community' hereabout. Many of the latter, however, were perhaps 'as well as could be expected' under the circumstances in which they had been placed. It was a 'sight to see' the little colts 'skipping on the hills,' or scampering gracefully around the rich clover-fields. But a lad has come out to tell us that our dinner is ready. Step in with us, reader, and glance at one of *Snedeker's Dinners*. You observe that the windows of this well-shaped, calm, quiet dining-apartment open into an adjoining garden, whence there floats in the aroma of flowers, and through which you may see the verdant shrubbery trembling in the soft breeze of June. The ice is in the broad flange-topped cut-glass goblets, and Heidseck sparkles not *scantily* therein. The fine-linen table-cloth and napkins are as spotlessly white as those of JOHN WATERS; and lo! TROUT! that were disporting this very morning in the cool Long-Island brooks; and TERRAPIN, look you, with golden sherry; new potatoes, like oblong balls of dry flour; peas, small and of even size; with asparagus, late from the adjacent garden; SPRING-CHICKEN; strawberries and cream; each and every potable and edible in their appropriate order and best condition; served without the slightest fuss, eaten without the slightest haste, enjoyed without the slightest excess. A glass of iced maraschino, and we are again in the open field, checkered by the shadows of 'round white clouds' rolling slowly in the breeze between us and the sun, with spirits as natural and elastic as ever. After witnessing a sublime feat of horsemanship, 'in a single act,' which we never saw equalled, nor even approached, in any circus we ever visited — *home*, in the pleasant gloaming; in the sanctum, jotting down this; two little folk, awaiting our good-night salute, asleep on the sofa, in 'high' and 'low' dresses, but in attitudes of unstudied grace; and *now*, it is eleven o'clock, and 'what is written *remains*,' for it has come from the heart and memory, as fresh as the trout whose delicious flavor even yet regales our palate. Good night! good night! . . . THE correspondent who sends us '*Our Notables*,' will oblige us by continuing his sketches. He can write, *he can* :

'WHOEVER has lived in our town for any length of time, must have become familiar with the figure of a man plodding along our streets, sometimes with a long wand in his hand, sometimes with

an old-fashioned gun, and occasionally, with only a big stick. His hair is grizzly, and he has a hooked nose, ridden by a pair of iron-rimmed, round-eyed spectacles, glaring from under the shade of a broad-brimmed hat; nose, spectacles, and a general prowling air, giving him a remarkably owl-like look. I won't tell his name, and then nobody will recognise the picture. When he has the long wand, he is a wood-corder; when he has the old gun, he is a dog-killer; and wo to the luckless cur that gets loose in the street when the dog-law rageth! The owl-like man spies him from afar, and sets off after him in a loping trot, with his gun trailed in his hand; peering sharply through his great spectacles, lest the dog should dodge round the corner, and so run away with his half-dollar.

'By-and-by, having got nearly within shooting distance, he changes his trot for a stealthy, tiptoe walk, until almost close enough to knock him down with the gun, he takes a long aim: bang! goes the gun; yelp! yelp! goes the cur, scouring away with a notch cut out of his ear, while the ball spatters on the stone-step on the other side of the street. Then the owl-like man resolves, in his grievous disappointment, that he'll shoot with ball no more, but shot'll fetch 'em. So he goes to the store and buys a pound of number one, and goes after more dogs. After awhile, you hear his gun again, and soon see him carrying his trophy, (I forget whether it is a paw or the ears or the tail) to the treasurer. This is in the beginning of the season. After it is a little advanced, it is curious to see what a wide berth the dogs give that particular gun and the round-eyed spectacles. When he can't find any more, and the wood is all corded, he becomes disgusted and goes a-fishing. He is a very successful angler; for he sits him down on the bank of the creek, and never gets up nor moves until he has the fish; as sailors having once begun, never cease whistling for the wind until it comes. And there he will squat under a big, projecting rock the live-long day; now soberly hauling up an eel, now a 'catty,' or a 'fall,' or a 'parch,' and, occasionally, a poor little 'minny,' which he pulls off and indignantly flings back again.

'He is a great walker; old and grizzly and bent as he is, he will (or rather would, for I believe he is out of office now) in his capacity of constable, with the aid of the big stick, tramp forty miles a day in delivering those nasty little slips of paper which are generally entrusted to constables.

'When he was at the head of our police-department, consisting principally of himself, but occasionally strengthened by one assistant, he always preferred the *suaviter in modo* in taking a drunken fellow to prison: 'Come, come now, Ike, you'd a-better go; you know you've got to; here, set down in the wheel-barrow,' (Ike was usually too drunk to go in any other way,) 'and you'll be like riding in the stage,' backed by divers other persuasions. Ike's first response was, 'Hurrah for Jackson!' then followed a kind of dismal song, and a dissertation upon society at large; when he would let them lift him on the wheel-barrow, and a stout darkie would trundle him off. This Ike was something of a character himself: he had but one leg, the other having been amputated in consequence of a fearful burn caused by falling into the fire in a drunken fit. Afterward it was a service of some little danger to take him when drunk; for he would lay about him savagely with one crutch, and the only way to manage him was for some sly fellow to creep behind him and kick the remaining crutch from under him.

'Another of the multifarious avocations of my hero is that of clerk of the — weather, I had nearly said, but I meant market. Then the owl-eyed spectacles, (how very wide awake they always look!) go exploring among the butter-kids. He finds nothing wrong for some time; but at last, he pounces on a couple of pounds that look scant. He tries them in the balance, and lo! they are full half a penny light! The clerk exults; and thus encouraged, thinks he spies another. It is tenderly laid in the balance, and behold! it has a full penny over-weight! Whereupon he goes away hurt and indignant, and the rude people laugh. The butter being all tested, the hooked nose glides along the butchers' stalls, with dilated nostrils, like a war-horse that snuffeth the battle, only it is snuffing after tainted meat; of which, in justice to our butchers, I must say he do n't often get the scent.

'In the palmy days of our town, when there was a fine for buying and selling in market before the hour fixed by the authorities, it was amusing to watch the people waiting for the clerk's big hand-bell to make it half an hour after sunrise. As the time drew near, every buyer's knee was slightly flexed, ready for a spring. The sellers stood in a fidgetty state of restrained excitement. At last, after solemnly marching up and down the market-house, to see that nobody was infringing the rules, the bell was slowly raised. Every eye watched it with intense anxiety. Knees were a little more bent; muscles were tightened a little; money began to jingle. As the clapper came down there was a simultaneous bound and rush to the butchers' stalls: each unfortunate butcher was soon in a state of mental 'obfuscation,' being besieged by twenty people, all clamorous and raging to be served first. Of the twenty, at least eight *must* have kidneys. He has but one pair, and the strongest bears them off triumphant. The woman who succeeded in getting a liver for breakfast, marked that day

to be remembered. And then the way they ran distractedly up and down the market, in a mad chase after butter, was very complacently viewed by those wise ones who had taken the precaution to engage theirs for the season.

'The last and perhaps most important function of our friend is that of tip-staff when the court is in session. How he does punch his long staff about, poking the ribs and pounding the toes of the luckless front-rankers pressed into the passages to the bar by the crowd behind them! How he aggravates some of the students too, forgetting that they have, by courtesy, a prescriptive right to put themselves in every body's way; with the importance of which right they, the students, are sufficiently impressed.

'But the owlsh man is failing. His step has become hobbling and rheumatic, and I much doubt if he could make even his twenty miles a day now. And the hooked nose will become sharper, the eyes will sink and grow dim under the owl-eyed glasses, and the iron-grey locks will change to silver, and the old man will lie down in his last rest, and no sign will be left of him but this foolish sketch.

A. G. F.

'How did you like my discourse to-day?' asked a somewhat pompous and quite affected young clergyman of an old church-goer, a 'man of mark' in the community, and whom it would be necessary to consult in the selection of a new minister, in the place of a superannuated pastor; 'how was my manner? — how did I speak?' 'How did you *speak*?' asked his interlocutor; 'why, you reminded me, in one respect, of Saint PAUL.' 'Did I?' said the young divine, with evident chuckling; 'in *what* respect?' 'Why,' replied the other, '*you spoke like a fool!*' The young man did n't 'settle' in *that* place. . . . It is said that the venerable poet ROGERS is fond of repeating the following stanza, believed to be from the pen of Mrs. BARBAULD. We remember that LAMB quotes the last two lines in one of his essays or letters:

'LIFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'T is hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear:
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good-night, but, in some happier clime,
Bid me good morning.'

RIGHT well pleased shall we be to hear from 'TIMOTHY TWIGGETT.' Guess his vein is well worth working. . . . Of all the 'killing' inventions of modern days, commend us to '*Jennings' Patent Rifle.*' We have examined it thoroughly, and heard the agent of the patentee explain its mechanism, than which nothing could be more simple, or less liable to get out of order. It is loaded at once with twenty-four balls, all of which are fired in one minute! 'Click! click! click!' and by what COLERIDGE would call 'a short and easy motion' of the fore-finger, twenty-four men or twenty-four buffalo, as the case may be, lie dead on the field. It is truly a *terrific* weapon. It takes full effect at eight hundred and fifty *yards*; and if it should chance to get out of order, it is as easily repaired as the commonest musket. Mr. C. P. DIXON, Number 177, Broadway, up stairs, is the agent of the patentee. Drop in upon him, and secure a 'new sensation' in the way of surprise. . . . 'I WENT last evening' (writes from up the Hudson a little boarding-school girl whom 'well we wot of,' to one who, next to her mother, loves her best,) 'to hear a Mr. T — deliver a lecture upon '*Education.*' He told us things we had never heard of before. He said that COLUMBUS discovered America; that it was steam which made the cars go; that General WASHINGTON asked COLUMBUS if he could make an egg stand on end, and COLUMBUS tried, and could n't do it, but that General WASHINGTON tried and *did* do it, by breaking the shell! I did n't know before that WASHINGTON and COLUMBUS were acquainted; and I always thought it was COLUMBUS who stood the egg on end. But

this was a lecture on 'Education,' and I 'live and learn.' . . . LOSSING's '*Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*,' published by the HARPERS, is acquiring the wide popularity which its pictorial and literary merits are well calculated to command. Externally and internally it is an admirable work. The engravings, especially, are superb. . . . WE had a delightful ride, on a recent glorious afternoon, to Bath, on the sea-shore, with our excellent friend the editor of '*The Evening Mirror*,' where we 'assisted' at the opening of '*The Bath-House*,' recently enlarged, renovated, and improved, and now kept in superb style by Mr. ORMSBY. Pure air and good fare are found there; (unconscious rhyme!) and there are plenty of agreeable walks and pleasant amusements. But why should we enlarge on this topic? 'The Bath-House' is always full in the summer, and always will be. It never had so many comforts and luxuries as now, and could not be better kept. If there were no *other* watering-places near New-York than the noble Rockaway 'Pavilion,' the superb 'HAMILTON House,' and 'The Bath-House,' we think all our sea-air disposed citizens could be amply accommodated. . . . IN answer to a query of 'P,' who writes to us from Oneida county, we reply: Yes; Dr. WILLIAM TURNER, chrono-thermal physician of this city, has cured cases of the most obstinate, *obdurate* epilepsy. One excellent gentleman, well known to us, who for twelve years had not passed a day without an epileptic fit, and more frequently had two in a day, was entirely cured by Dr. TURNER: he has not had a single fit for three years, and his health is perfect. A similar case in this city, with similar treatment, and similar results, have very recently attested the efficacy of Dr. TURNER's method in this disease. We shall have more to say of this hereafter. We speak now, and briefly, of 'those things which we *do know*.' . . . AT the beginning of the last line in the first paragraph of the leading article in the present number, the first syllable of the word '*summons*' is omitted. The reader is respectfully requested to supply '*sum*' of the deficiency. Apropos of that article: it is the result of assiduous personal research on the very ground described, and is replete with anecdotes and facts which have come down to our day in an entirely authentic 'line of succession.' . . . WE wish our readers could hear the writer of the following simple and graceful lines describe the subject of them as he did recently to us. She was a lovely girl, of the Penobscot tribe of Indians, named MARY OLOLA, who died in the spring of 18—, at the age of eighteen years. 'A more beautiful creature,' said our friend, 'surely never walked the earth. Her features were perfectly regular, almost Grecian. She had the most pensive, dove-like, liquid hazel eyes I ever saw; her mouth, which was small and exquisitely-chiselled, had an expression of tenderness, of affection in it, that I never saw surpassed. Her figure, her shape, her unfettered movements, were the 'observed of all observers,' and she had many 'observers,' who came, sometimes from a distance, expressly to see her. She had the grace and timidity of a fawn. During the winter preceding the spring in which she died, she became silent and melancholy, grew more and more so at length, and at last died of what was considered a 'quick consumption'—a concealed consumption of the *heart*, I have no doubt. The 'worm in the bud' fed on that cheek of purest olive-and-red; and at length DEATH 'changed her countenance, and sent her away:'

'ALAS! wild flower, the wintry storm
Has stripped thee of each leaf and tress;
Has spoiled for aye the fairest form—
The wild-rose of the wilderness!

"Thou shouldst have lived in sunny bowers,
Amid the dark Italian dames;
This cold and northern land of ours
Will wither all such feeble frames.

'Thou shouldst have lived in marble halls,
Been fanned by warm and spicy gales,
And listened, by the water-falls,
To some young wooer's witching tales.

"But the cold earth was all thy bed,
Thy canopy the cloudy sky;
Thy story-tellers were the winds,
That chilling said, "T is time to die!"

And there she lies, that beautiful Indian maid, amid the green forests of far-away Maine; not un mourned, not unforgotten; one of Nature's loveliest children, 'lulled on her sorrowing mother's breast.' But let us ask those who will now be interested in her untimely fate, in the words of our friend WHITTIER:

'DEEM ye that Mother loveth less
That bronzed form of the wilderness
She foldeth in her long caress?

'As sweet o'er her the wild flowers blow,
As if with fairer hair and brow
The blue-eyed Saxon slept below?

WE have just returned from a very delightful *Trip to Huntington, Long Island*; a place which perhaps not one in a thousand of our metropolitan readers ever visited, and concerning which, or its situation, they know nothing. Yet it is very accessible by steamer, and easily reached by rail-road; and *when* reached, is one of the most beautiful places in the like near neighborhood to the city. You take the good steamer 'Croton' at Fulton ferry at half-past three in the afternoon, and passing the city's picturesque islands, the pleasant villages upon either shore, the famed 'Hell-Gate,' and the great fort that looks seaward, you soon find yourself in the open Sound, one of the most beautiful sheets of water to be found in the world, combining ocean vastness with an unsurpassed variety of scenic beauty on either shore; on the one side, indented with lovely bays and coves, and on the other presenting a blue variegated line of coast, sprinkled with villages, whose white steeples are faintly relieved against the higher lands in their rear. At one moment you are sailing up some picturesque cove or bay, and the next again in the broad Sound; and thus pleasantly alternating, you find the steamer turning around the point of 'LORD'S NECK,' and entering the beautiful harbor of Huntington. An abrupt bend in the stream soon brings you in sight of the little town in the distance, with its scattered white houses, surrounded by verdant foliage, the white spire and modest turret of its two steepled churches breaking the top-level of the village, which lies in full relief against the bright green hills that rise behind it. It was our good fortune to join an esteemed friend at his lodgings in a pleasant house near the landing, where the voice of the small waves is heard in the still night, and the sheen of the full round moon lies bright upon the calm waters. Now when the morning was come, for we arrived on Saturday evening, we 'hied to kirk' by a charming road, lined with a great variety of trees, leading along the very border of the bay, and opening now and then the most lovely vistas to its sparkling bosom. The little church, on its green sloping mound, was itself a curiosity, being more than a hundred and seventy years old. In the grassy grave-yard in the rear we remarked several mossy stones that recorded deaths which occurred more than a century ago; and one of these was broken by a cannon-ball fired during the revolution. After listening to the beautiful service of the English Church, and enjoying an eloquent (and not too long) discourse from the lips of the young pastor, we returned homeward with the rector; thinking, as we rode along, how much more effective upon the mind are religious services in the country than in the city. The cordial greetings between neighbors and friends on the shaded green before the church-door; the simplicity of the edifice itself; the hallowed, 'audible stillness' that prevails within, broken only by the minister's voice and by the whispering of the trees in the summer wind without; all these greatly add to the effect of religious observances in the country. We remarked with especial pleasure, in returning, that almost every house, however humble, had its flowers and flowering shrubs around the porch. We had the happiness to visit one modest cottage near the landing, that of 'Squire P —', which was literally overrun with

flowers of every hue and odour. The bland air was full of sweets and musical with bees, who were improving the 'shining hour,' and, contrary to the divine statute, 'working on Sunday' with the busiest industry. A selected cluster of roses, from the hand of a charming young lady, 'herself a fairer flower' than any of them, made our apartment redolent of June for hours. In the afternoon, it gave us unwonted pleasure to visit the adjacent country-seat of Dr. R —, now retired from the arduous labors of his profession in the metropolis. We can recall no similar place which we have ever visited, not excepting that of Mr. CUSHING, near Boston, which presents so many natural attractions as this superb seat. The edifice itself, which is spacious, commodious, and simple and elegant in its architecture, is surrounded by flowers and flowering plants, of the richest variety and profusion; conservatories enclose and shelter the rarest tropical specimens; the grounds are ornamented with fine trees, of every variety of foliage; there are glades and glens; cold spring-waters 'run among the hills;' and on a little artificial lake, stocked with trout, sail stately swans, 'floating double' on the pure blue water. But it is the series of views obtainable from the site of this mansion which, to our eye, impart to it its chiefest charm. On one side, a scene perfectly English in its character may be commanded from the open windows of the library; the farther end of the bay is cut off and isolated, and like a polished mirror is set in a frame-work of 'living green,' while beyond rises the white spire of the village church, and a little farther on swell the undulating green hills; on another side, the bays and 'necks' of land penetrate, permeate, and diversify the charming landscape; and one may sit at the proprietor's well-spread, hospitable board, and command from the open windows a view of that noble body of water, the Long-Island Sound, for fifty miles in extent, the pale-blue shores of distant Connecticut bounding the view, overlooked, nearer by, by 'upland, glade and glen.' A pleasant ride of two miles from this country-seat isolates the visitor entirely from this scene, and he passes for a mile or more along a road, the sides of which rise like the walls of an amphitheatre, and are literally *covered* to the top with white and pink wood-laurel, until the eye well-nigh tires of its beauty and abundance. Such is a single example of the attractions, by no means rare, to be commanded at Huntington. We visited in the evening, near the picturesque point of land which conceals the farthest end of the bay from the Sound, the beautifully-situated and pleasant mansion of Mr. T —, a retired merchant of New-York, who is cultivating one of the neatest 'model farms' in the state. We have nowhere seen such corn as waved, broad-leaved and green, in one of his fields; and other grains, we were informed, are equally promising. The approach to the house is most charming. Now you are walking along a path through the woods, which arch high above you, flecked by the struggling moon-beams; anon you wind around a green crescent of the shore; presently you cross a verdant lawn; and then for the first time you are made aware of the mansion, surrounded by trees, with the entrance and porch completely embowered in flowers. An adjacent wood terminates in a bluff, from which a view may be obtained that for variety of landscape and 'water-scape' need not be, if it *can* be, surpassed. Opposite, and near by, on the shore of an adjacent bay, is '*Calmia*,' the seat of Hon. C. C. CAMBRELLING, ex-member of Congress, a courteous invitation to visit which we greatly regretted being unable to accept. We left Huntington, however, with the hope of being enabled hereafter to test the justice of the praises which are in every villager's mouth, touching the beauties of this fine country-seat. 'Old KNICK,' came out of the harbor, at five o'clock in the morning, white with fog-rime; but we had not been long

in the open Sound before the mists and exhalations rolled away to the east and rested on the sea; the curtain lifted from the far blue shores of 'old Connecticut,' and we 'went on our way rejoicing' at what we *had* rejoiced so recently. We mean to go again. . . . THE reader may remember that nearly a century before a steam-boat or a locomotive was invented, or either of them thought of as a practical thing, that DARWIN predicted the use of both, through the aid of that imagination which is only another name for the loftiest forecaste, lightly as it is sometimes estimated by those who have none themselves. But are you aware, reader, that the *Magnetic Telegraph* was fairly shadowed forth, if not well nigh described and illustrated, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago? An obliging correspondent in Washington sends us the subjoined interesting communication:

'PERUSING *'The Guardian'* the other day, I was so much impressed with the singularity of a kind of prophetic spirit which seemed to have seized upon the mind of its illustrious author, the renowned NESTOR IRONSIDE, that I cannot refrain from giving it a corner in my 'omnium gatherum,' and referring to the practical illustration and application so ingeniously shadowed forth in the days of old, upward of a century thereafter, by the world-renowned inventions of MORSE, BAIN and LOCKE. Thus discourseth the venerable and second-sighted NESTOR, disinterring the memories of the heathen days, in his *'Guardian'* of Tuesday, July twenty-eighth, 1713: 'STRADA' (and this carries us back to the far-removed days of pagan Rome), STRADA, in the person of LUCRITIUS, gives us an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends, by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at ever so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us that the two friends, being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with the four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate; they then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates, in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend in the meanwhile saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities and mountains, seas or deserts.'

'Now I will not go so far as to assert that this 'chimerical correspondence' has anticipated and forestalled the 'lightning communication' 'over cities and mountains, seas or deserts,' so ingeniously bodied forth and secured by patent-right upon full specification, in the nineteenth century, by MORSE and BAIN; but surely I shall not be accused of instituting a strained resemblance and comparison between the two systems; thus so remarkably alluded to in the times of yore, and realized and made to minister like a charmed spirit to the every-day wants and practical business transactions of money-making moderns. Thus it seems that the wise saying of the great SOLOMON, 'There is nothing new under the sun,' is here most strikingly illustrated; thus has what was quoted by NESTOR IRONSIDE, as an ingenious freak of ancient fancy, been actually realized in these later times; thus is it that 'reality is stranger than fiction;' and hence should we of this generation learn to bear more respect to the teeming past, and secure to ourselves the praise of modesty and gratitude by claiming less for genius and originality than seems to be the fashion.'

WE are glad to announce the arrival among us, by the last steamer from Glasgow, of our friend, WILLIAM R. DEMPSTER, after a prolonged absence. Good music awaits us from this admirable master of song. . . . NOTICES of 'The Viking,' 'HARPERS' New Monthly,' 'The International Weekly Miscellany,' 'The Old Judge,' 'MOHAMMED, a Tragedy,' etc., for reasons elsewhere mentioned, are unavoidably omitted.